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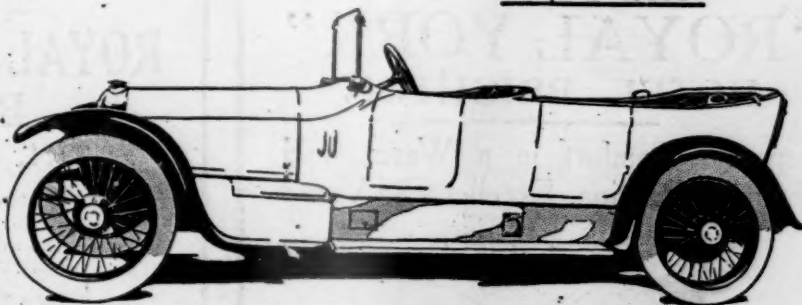
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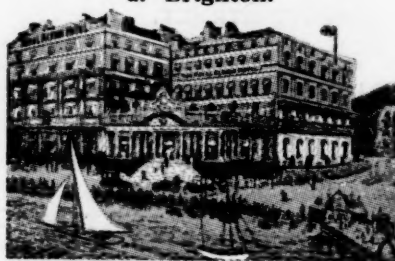
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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Notes of the Week	483	Unbeaten Tracks	499
To a Poet-Critic	484	The "Fellowship Books"...	500
The Waiting Crowds	484	The Magazines	500
The Parable in Literature	485	The Blatherskiter	502
New Editions and the "People's Books"	486	The Influence of "The Ship of Fools" upon the Modern Novel	502
Reviews:		The Theatre:	
The Golden Heretic	487	"Pygmalion" at His Majesty's Theatre	504
The Montessori System...	488	Indian Reviews	505
Educational Reform	489	Literary Competition	506
Towards Utopia	490	Notes and News	507
Letters to Certain Eminent Authors—II	491	Imperial and Foreign Affairs	507
Shorter Reviews	492	Shorter Notices	509
Fiction	494	In the Temple of Mammon	510
Some New French Plays	495	Correspondence	511
Beyrout	496	Books Received	512
Scotland on the Equator	498		

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Notes of the Week

"MAGNA est veritas, et prevalebit." In this journal we have spoken freely of the system under which the Government of the country is now being conducted. We have not hesitated to use the expression that a "secret and corrupt society" was exploiting national interests for its own benefit. In some quarters such direct expressions have been condemned, but fortunately we were sure of our ground. The truth has a habit of emerging—however tardily—but we were not prepared for an immediate confirmation of our assertions. Happily to-day we have irrefragable evidence that we have not been responsible for any wild or libellous interpretation of the actual position. The vindication proceeds from the closing incidents in the Conference of the Independent Labour Party. The compact which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald made with the Liberal Government is now fully exposed by those who appreciate that honesty is—at least sometimes—the best policy, even in Parliamentary matters. Twice, at previous congresses of the Party we have referred to, resolutions have been proposed to secure liberty for its representatives in Parliament, and have been lost by large majorities. Even the worm will turn, and, though we should be the last to use such a simile in relation to an independent representative of Labour, we have no compunction in thus designating those who entered into an unholy compact which bound them upon all occasions to subordinate their consciences for the sole purpose of keeping a particular Ministry in power. There is no need for us to ransack the dictionary for pungent expressions to describe the situation; Mr. Jowett, the eloquent member for West Bradford, has relieved us

of any such necessity—as thus: "I for one refuse to be a bond-slave; I will be free." That declaration was received by the delegates assembled with loud cheers, and its spirit was reflected in the division, when 233 representatives voted to be delivered out of slavery, whilst only 78 desired to continue in the position which they have hitherto ingloriously occupied. Mr. Jowett announced his determination to cease "to have his loyalty to Home Rule blackmailed," and later on he declared: "We refuse to allow our allegiance to go further than to help the things we are pledged to do; but certainly we do not go so far as to cover up the iniquities of the Government with which we do not agree." The honourable member then proceeded to give instances of votes upon matters considered vital to the Labour platform in connection with which diametrically opposite votes had been given, according as a Liberal or a Conservative Administration were in office. Words from us are unnecessary; but at this season it is at least gratifying to observe that credit is restored among the chosen people, and they have been delivered out of bondage.

The most notable event in the literary world this week is the fresh information disclosed relating to Keats, with the printing in the *Times* and its literary supplement of three hitherto unpublished poems. The poems occur in an album made by a friend of Keats, who was associated with his publishers, and the book is in the collection of Lord Crewe. We go to press unfortunately too early in the week to comment upon the whole of this unexpected disclosure, but, with regard to the poem given in the *Times* of Tuesday, there are lines in it which seem unhappy lapses from the music we learned to love in many a golden lyric. The lover reproaches his lady because her hand "No soft squeeze for squeeze returneth"—we suspect this to be a line which Keats would not wish to stand as permanent. The first stanza, however, is beautiful:—

You say you love; but with a voice
Chaster than a nun's, who singeth
The soft Vespers to herself
While the chime-bell ringeth—
O love me truly!

The letter from Taylor, Keats's publisher, to his partner, Hessey, giving an account of a visit from Mr. Blackwood and the conversation that followed relative to the famous review of the poet's work in *Blackwood's Magazine*, is an interesting little piece of intimate revelation. "What had he done to cause such attacks as these?" asked Taylor. "Oh, it was all a joke," replied Blackwood; "the writer meant nothing more than to be witty." And Taylor goes on to defend Keats manfully. The discovery and publication of these items is an event that will interest all students of poetry, and at present there seems no possibility for that feeling of regret which is often unavoidable in similar circumstances—the feeling that the poet's memory suffers by the exposure of poor work which he would rather have consigned to oblivion.

To a Poet - Critic

FRIEND, you go your way, I go mine,
We are meant to do.
In the best of both is a touch divine
If the work be true.

And false to self would be false to all.
Let the word be writ;—
Its spirit passes beyond recall,
And the power of it.

We take the theme that the life-pulse sends.
It well may be
We dimly work to mightier ends
Than we can see.

That Power hath need of a myriad throats
To chant his praise
Whose chords are ages, and whose notes
Are nights and days.

There's room on a star for you and me.
No true song mars
To the infinite ear the harmony
Of all the stars.

Then take the way that the spirit needs
Through heaven or hell:
'Tis a mighty Master-Minstrel leads.
Sing true. Farewell.

JAMES H. MACKERETH.

The Waiting Crowds

ON the evening of Easter Monday we happened to be walking for a while in the streets of a Midland manufacturing town—a town given up almost entirely to the production of boots and shoes. No one could say truthfully that it was a beautiful place. Its houses, its factories, some of its public buildings, and its chapels—notably its dozens of chapels—are composed of red brick; its long, narrow streets of little red-brick dwellings, straight and grim and unrelieved by an inch of garden, stretch into monotonous perspectives of dull haze; its builders and architects, one imagines, must have a devotion to red brick and rigid lines that is almost passionate. They have been brought up in the belief that a red brick is the loveliest thing in the world—the ideal of beauty and colour and shape, to be set ever before the eyes of the people as an incitement and an inspiration.

Seen from a distance on a sunny day, the town is not displeasing. It sprawls its shapeless length over the fields and across the valley of the slow, small river, and glows to dull red or fades to dull grey as the clouds pass over it, with a queer solemn effect of changing moods. The bells of its churches peal hopefully over the green country, their dark spires giving the eye welcome points of rest in the general level.

From the lower windows of the many factories, large and small, come whiffs of warm air burdened with a peculiar smell of leather; and at the hour of the mid-day meal thousands of men and girls pour forth, streaming homeward towards those long red-brick side-streets. The people of a place, after all, constitute its main interest, and it is scarcely possible that the observer, philosophically inclined, could refrain from asking himself a few questions concerning this throng of eager workers. Wages and conditions seem satisfactory, since strikes are almost unknown; and in spite of the monotony of an employment in which a man will attend to the same restless machine day by day, year by year, going through the same movements and handling the same small portion of the incomplete article, the faces betrayed little depression or ill-health. But apart from economic points, what occupies the minds of these busy folk after the day's labour is done? How do they amuse themselves, how relieve the strain?

The answer was plainly set before us on this holiday evening. On the pavement in front of each brilliantly lighted "picture palace," and for a long, long way down the street, a compact body of men and women patiently waited for the opening of the "second house." An hour or more had to pass before the first performance would close, yet the lines were continually lengthening, continually pushing closer. Every "show" exhibited boards boasting of a full house, in which there was not even standing-room, and it was natural to inquire what tremendous sight was to repay this enthusiasm, this patient submission to hours spent in the chilly wind outside in the hope of a seat. The posters told us at once. The principal attraction appeared to have something to do with a Mormon and a Maid—a very vivid and stylish villain was depicted as about to clutch a very pale and shrinking maiden, and the artist had no objection to primary tints or broad effects, knowing the unfailing influence of crude colour and a simple dramatic situation upon unsophisticated eyes. Other films also had reference either to Mormons or to the "White Slave"; and this is the fare which the enterprising producer, knowing his market and supplying it without a shred of compunction, places before the crowded populace of a thriving, prosperous town—one among many.

We are driven to wonder whether this is as it should be; whether the days of the booth and the sheer melodrama, when plays were given plainly and cleanly without any appeal to what are strangely known as "the baser instincts," were not better. An instinct can hardly be base; but it can be basely excited and unhealthily provided for, and the general effect of such picture-plays as we have mentioned, however acutely they may be excused as having "a moral lesson," is, we believe, thoroughly harmful. That they should require defence, apology, excuse, is an admission of objectionable possibilities, and those who supervise the amusements of the people might well consider whether there is not, in this respect, a great and growing need for the restraining hand.

W. L. R.

The Parable in Literature

ONE of the saddest evidences and the most convincing of the disillusioned mind of humanity to-day is the inability it manifests to construct or enjoy the parabolic substance and method in literature. Occasionally we see a flippant attempt of meretricious cleverness to restore this ancient form as a vehicle for comment, mostly ill-natured, upon persons and things. But such achievements are mostly doomed to failure.

When the history of Didactics comes to be written, how large a part of its ancient and Eastern development will be concerned with the Parable! A great field lies before the explorer who will search out its place, power, and passing, and chart its old abiding-places. In a brief sketch there can only be touched upon the main streams and its tributaries, and the richness of the floods that watered great plains of thought before they sank beneath the soil of age-long accretions. In man's elemental seeking after expression, the war-cry, the dirge, the ballad, mark stages of development in the emotional; similarly and later the progress of the intellectual consciousness is marked by the simile, or emblem, the riddle, and the *dicte*, afterwards to be known as the proverb. Each of these was in its essence dramatic; for humanity in its childhood *acts*—presents, that is, with feeling the outcome of the thought. The perception of analogies is fresh and alert, the rendering vivid, detached, and pictorial.

We have a storehouse of these ancient and progressive examples in that neglected library of Eastern—and universal—thought, the Bible. From the tiny Emblem, the rhetorical instead of the concrete presentment of the "sign," as in the Fly and the Bee, the Razor, the Briars and Thorns,* the Potter and Clay†; the sustained Vineyard narrative (suggested in the lyric,‡ "Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt and planted it") and amplified into the complete Parable in Isaiah's rhapsody.§ The simple and primitive pursuits of man, agriculture and husbandry; his tools and implements, the plough, the sickle, the potter's wheel, the winepress; his needs and perils, hunger, thirst, drought and famine, insect pests and savage beasts, the fury of the elements and the attacks of human foes: these supplied the telling and incomparable imagery which has moulded thought and coloured language with symbolical meaning.

To the Eastern mind the half-veiled statement, the shrouded meaning, the terse, pithy comment, which conveyed without insisting upon an idea, were especially congenial. A tradition of philosophical images enriched the old-world literatures, similar to the poetic conventions of the Vision and the forest or the later "apparatus" of moonlight, the coming of spring, and

the song of the nightingale. Moreover, these symbolic phrases enshrined a body of thought, to which the successive generations of thinkers contributed their share of "dark sentences." If we wonder, we, with our analytic habit of mind and Western cultivation, that these often recondite expressions of a single idea in a brief and condensed form preceded the story, we may remember that the emotional quality of intensity which they possess made them easier to deliver—to strike off, as it were, from the thinker's spiritual fervour, than a connected narrative. The artifice of construction is more reasoned, more deliberate, than the utterance of the "Unit-Proverb" or "Unit-Maxim"*; the one defines, the other suggests.

But when from this fruitful germ the sustained parable develops, narrative wears its most striking garb of frugal amplitude. Like a fine etching, there is no unnecessary line or touch, but all essential ones combine in absolute proportion. Referring again to the Bible literature, we see in Jotham's Parable† the true exemplar of that lighter kind of parabolic teaching which is comprised in the Fable. Its province is rather that of the intelligence than of the spiritual perception; the folly of human weakness rather than its pathos is deduced; the subjects are almost invariably drawn from the lower creation, and its method is derisive instead of reverent. But its form is impressive in the directness and easy movement towards the climax. The material is that which absolutely *belongs* to a pastoral age in a land of great natural fertility and wealth of vegetation—the trees of the wood. Undoubtedly the order of their naming is carefully designed to convey an additional sting; at this distance of time and place we can distinguish the intended bathos in the successive olive, fig, and vine. There is even, we may fancy, a sedate irony in the slight change of wording in the invitation: the first, to the olive-tree, is briefly, "Reign thou over us"; to the others, including the fatuous bramble, it runs, with a suggestion of coaxing, "Come thou, and reign over us." No less evident is the satirical intention in the demure refusals of the honour by the olive, the fig, and the vine.

From its character of shrewd comprehension—so different from the large, tender understanding of the Gospel parables—this ancient fable serves as model for a vast number of political and social reproofs. The prominence taken by animals in the fables of modern literature is due, perhaps, as much to the development of the mediæval Bestiaries into pointed narratives, as to the dwarfing of the plant world in men's imaginations as their cities grew and their intercourse widened. What may be called Greek popular philosophy found expression in the sarcastic renderings of the doings of animals, birds, and familiar things which cluster round the name of Æsop, as the "Proverbs" of the old Semitic philosophy around that of Solomon. The Hindoo Pilpay focusses the same tradition in Sanscrit thought; and, indeed, the

* Isaiah vii, 18-25: "The Lord shall hiss for the fly . . . and for the bee. . . ."

† The Lord shall shave with a razor that is hard."

‡ "Where there were a thousand vines or a thousand silverlings it shall even be for briars and thorns."

† Jer. xviii, 1-17.

‡ Ps. lxxx.

§ Isaiah v, 1.

* Moulton.

† Judges ix.

fabulist seems to be a grave and purposeful development from the jester, as he from the minstrel. Only his purview is not that of the Court, but of the State—indeed, that of society at large; and the arrow of his wit shoots the folly of the moment as it flies.

Thus retrospectively: for we moderns have lost the trick. Freedom of communication, much intercourse, the glib acquaintance with the outsides of things fostered by the printing press, unite to rob our vision of its concentration. And we are aware of *the other side of the question* and restlessly seek to refute it in anticipation. Hence the thin texture of the essay as the vehicle of thought, instead of the solid stuff of the parable. The condensation of the parabolic "sentence" is comparable to the closely-woven reasoning of the synthetic Greek geometry, and as alien as that to ourselves.

In the Gospel the dominant didactic method of the East is more than adequately represented in the dignified stories wherewith Christ laid down His teaching, to be accepted or rejected as His hearers willed. They are led up to form the germ, seen in the brief emblem, as those of the Blind, the Mote and the Beam, the Mustard-seed, the Leaven—all hardly more than stated similitudes; through the single episodic narrative, as those of the Barns, the Lost Piece of Silver, and the Pearl of Great Price; to the finished and clear-cut narrative, with variety of characters and lapse of time, as those of the Ten Talents and the Prodigal Son—the Parable proper. Apart from its spiritual significance, this last is an acknowledged masterpiece of literary construction, with its faultless restraint and austere frugality of material.

Out of the Parable, as a development of its story form, grew the Allegory; Eastern in origin, Western and Christian by adoption, and the early vehicle for mystical interpretation. The "Prophecy" of the Semitic sages merges into the "Vision" of the early Christian mystics; which, in its turn, becomes a recognised and standard method of literary expression. The tentative little allegory "On the Same and the Different" by the accomplished and devout Adelhard of Bath in the early twelfth century was the precursor of a host of similar presentments of Philosophy and her rivals. It was also the outcome of a habit of mind which "coloured the texture of our literature" for centuries and, departing, left it grey. The motive presently changes, but the ideals of chivalry replace those of the cloistered philosopher; and of the great examples left to us, the names of the "Romaunt of the Rose," the "Parlement of Fowles," the "Thistle and the Rose," the "Golden Terge" and the "Pastime of Pleasure" are familiar as lineal ancestors of the Elizabethan masterpieces. Spenser fledged his pinions with the dainty Emblem, the satirical Fable, and the Vision parable before he delivered himself of his tremendous allegorical flight, the "Faerie Queene, disposed into XII Bookes, Fashioning XII Moral Vertues."

This *tour de force* was the culmination of the allegorical didactic in poetry; change and enterprise and immensely widened intercourse sharpened wits

but dulled vision. The next worthy achievement is the product of a flaming devotion to a religious ideal, fanned by injustice and persecution to white-heat. Behind the bars of Bedford Gaol, John Bunyan reached out to the encompassing spiritual world; and modelling his fervent expression on the rich outpourings of the Bible writers, sent forth "Divine Emblems: for Boys and Girls," his substance assuming the form, rather than the form being due to any deliberate choice. Then the unlettered visionary gave us the "Pilgrim's Progress," its very perfections due to the limitations of his transfigured thought.

But there the stream of allegorical interpretation failed; a slow trickle alone survived in one school of religious mysticism, and soon began to dwindle to glittering drops of elaborated "conceits" in Herbert and Donne. The old inevitableness survived alone in Francis Quarles, whose antique genius was nourished at the same fount as Bunyan's. His "Divine Emblems" show the two tendencies of simple parabolic expression and ingenious involution of an idea to a climax. The former was losing its appeal; the latter was to develop and refine itself into the Epigram. Both are distinguishable and combined in the quatrain:

This house is to be let for life, or years:
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears;
Cupid 't has long stood void; her bills make known,
She must be dearly let, or let alone.*

When in the fullness of books the *littérateur* moved himself, rather than was moved, to utter things that his fellow-men should hear, the old forms were ransacked, though the old, simple spirit could never be captured. Hence the clumsy artifice of Dryden in his "Absalom and Achitophel" and the "Hind and Panther." But they serve to show that we have, in the fruitful source of the parable and the allegory, not only the inspiration of mystical interpretation of divine truth, but also that of the large activities of political and social satire.

S. CUNNINGTON.

New Editions, and the "People's Books"

TWENTY new volumes have reached us from Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, being their latest addition to the famous "Bohn's Popular Library." Probably we do not often remember, when glancing at one of these books, that Henry Bohn, in 1847, began the work of publishing at a reasonable price reprints and translations of the world's great literature. For about fifty years the firm of Bell and Sons has been identified with this enterprise, and the new group continues the tradition in a most pleasing manner. Four novels of

* Book ii, 10.

Anthony Trollope; E. J. Trelawny's "Adventures of a Younger Son"—the book appeared first in 1831, anonymously, and the author died in 1881; Manzoni's "The Betrothed"; the "Arabian Nights" in Lane's translation, edited by Stanley Lane-Poole, M.A.; the fifth volume of Emerson's work; Goethe's "Faust"; five essays by Macaulay; Blake's poetry; Vaughan's poetry; George Hooper's "Campaign of Sedan"; the "Select Works of Plotinus"; and Poushkin's "Prose Tales," translated by T. Keane:—such is the latest wonderful contribution to the list—at one shilling each. The taste displayed, both in the appearance of the books and in their selection, is excellent.

We have already referred at some length to the new "Wayfarer's Library" issued by Messrs. Dent, with its very pretty illustrated wrappers and general air of daintiness. Among the March instalment we notice "Under the Greenwood Tree," by Thomas Hardy; Conrad's novel "Twixt Land and Sea"; "The Widow Woman," that delightful Cornish story by Charles Lee; "The Open Air," by Richard Jefferies; and "Selected Essays," by G. W. E. Russell. This project, it will be noticed, does not clash with others of a similar description, and the series is really one of the best we have seen.

Several of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack's "People's Books" we deal with in separate reviews, and, if we had the space to spare, would willingly do the same with the whole of the fresh issue, for there can be no doubt that this series embodies a very valuable contribution to the student in many fields. Among the volumes just out, "Applications of Electricity," by Alexander Ogilvie, B.Sc., is admittedly for non-technical readers, and fulfils its design well; it is fully illustrated by diagrams, and explains the working of all the familiar electric appliances. Three political treatises appear: "Land, Industry and Taxation," by Frederick Verinder; "The Industrial Revolution," by Arthur Jones, M.A.; and "Empire and Democracy," by G. S. Veitch, M.A.; each of these is an admirable essay on its particular theme. "Bismarck and the Origin of the German Empire," by F. M. Powicke (Professor of Modern History in Belfast University) is especially interesting at the present time, and its style is extremely clear. "Principles of Logic," by Stanley Williams, M.A., and "Wild Flowers," by MacGregor Skene, B.Sc., conclude this series for the present. The volume on "Architecture" and a group of theological works we notice at greater length.

REVIEWS

The Golden Heretic

The Golden Heresy. By MAX PLOWMAN. (The Author, 48, Fitzroy Street, W. 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. PLOWMAN'S choice of a title (from a poem of "A. E.," who sings of youth's "golden heresy of Truth") is daring, but in one sense, at least, undeniably apt. For he is fearlessly true to himself, uncompromisingly sincere; and it is this, combined with originality of vision and directness of expression, which produces an impression of self-confidence that is, after all, convincing. He never evaporates, as some lesser poets do, into lilac vapours; never sets out to make an appeal, only to seduce the attention with opiate music. There is no deadening sense of hesitation, of weighing nuances of expression, of fevered hunting in By-path Meadow for flowers of rhetoric. He keeps to the high road: every line is a clear challenge to the mind, and every poem a messenger to the soul.

Perhaps the character of Mr. Plowman's work is best described by the phrase "a rosy austerity"; it is far from being bloodless, but there is something white, almost fierce, in it. He is a young Galahad of poets: life to him is a temple, love a eucharist, and the poet a priest. He has in a notable measure that vision which may be called cosmic; a point of view which is not granted to the light wayfarer. His thought works in a rarefied atmosphere, so that it takes up trifles and reads through them to large significances. It is thus that he views "The Bather":—

What radiant health is thine, O splendid form!
Fair son of Aphrodite, child of mirth!
And O, around thee, what a chattering swarm
Of shivering waders, swimmers of no worth.

This water, that to thee is fount and life,
Delight, renewal, joy and liberty:
To them is furtive lure and loathed strife,
That finds and leaves them neither bond nor free.

There is more than a hint of mysticism developed in this volume, though it is a little difficult to characterise. It is scarcely of the theological tinge, but it has all the spiritual quality of religious mysticism. We would say that its theme is human love rather than Divine love, but that it is doubtful whether Mr. Plowman admits any distinction. For him the heart of Eros is very near the heart of Christ: this is one of his "golden

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heresies." It is the poems confessing this element which fling the sharpest challenge to the reader, and it is in them that individuality is most marked. There was a foreshadowing of this in his first volume, but it appears much more definitely here in "The Undertakers," "The Dawn of Day," and "The Banquet." The last-named is an entirely happy achievement, and is the easiest of the three; the other two take more digesting, and in the end are a little unconvincing, a little too mystically obscure.

Of the rest we have small space to speak, but the duologue "Martha and Mary" is interesting, and the characters thoughtfully considered; "Victima Amoris" is a powerful example of Mr. Plowman's austerity, with the conclusive ending:—

But O the kiss of one whose lips
Know no intelligence in love!

And there are several lyrics which reaffirm his admirable mastery of this class of poetry. "The Philosophy Of It" and "The Crimson Poppies" (which ACADEMY readers may remember) are worthy of any lyrical anthology, but we cannot leave a better impression of Mr. Plowman than such as these lines afford:—

I heard them say, "Her hands are hard as stone,"
And I remembered how she laid for me
The road to heaven. They said, "Her hair is grey."
Then I remembered how she once had thrown
Long plaited strands, like cables, into the sea
I battled in—the salt sea of dismay.
They said, "Her beauty's past." And then I wept,
That these, who should have been in love adept,
Against my fount of beauty should blaspheme,
And hearing a new music, miss the theme.

No poetry-lover can afford to overlook Mr. Plowman's golden heresies.

The Montessori System

From Locke to Montessori: A Critical Account of the Montessori Point of View. By WILLIAM BOYD, M.A. (George G. Harrap and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

A CRITICAL account of the Montessori method comes very opportunely at a time when that method is prominently before the public, and is being widely discussed by pedagogues and educational authorities. In December last the London County Council went to the length of sending a selected lady-teacher to Rome to attend a four months' course of training in the Montessori method of teaching. The report was apparently received by the London Education Committee with mixed feelings. It is, however, indisputable that whatever view may be taken of Dr. Montessori's theories in practice her methods have attained a sufficient measure of success to demand that her system should at least be critically examined, if not put to the

test of experiment. Madame Montessori has undoubtedly received credit for a greater degree of originality than she is in strictness entitled to. The respect, however, in which we think that Dr. Boyd and other critics are unduly niggardly in their tribute is that they forget or ignore the fact that whilst others are content to talk, Madame Montessori has accomplished deeds. It is all very well for the present author to say that the Montessori houses for children in Rome are only a makeshift device for the attaining of an object which is only to be achieved by the betterment of the conditions of home life. That may well be, but the fact is that the old evil conditions are allowed to subsist. In the present state of knowledge there is not the least justification for the continued supineness of our attitude toward vital matters such as those which Montessori has boldly tackled, not with large words but with large deeds. We are fully prepared to admit what Dr. Boyd is at great pains to prove, namely, that the Montessori method is largely based upon the results of the teaching of such theorists as Itard and Seguin. The more direct and stronger the connection between her system and those of her predecessors can be shown to be, the more unassailable is the position of Madame Montessori.

We are surprised that Dr. Boyd should have the hardihood to put forward as a defect in the system that it leaves the religious education of small children very much to itself. The essential feature of the system is the principle of freedom and individuality. We are unaware of any religious education which is not the direct negation of this principle. And in these days when no two minds agree upon even the essential foundations of religion, a moment's reflection should have served to show the impossibility of attaining anything save half results in religious teaching. We have had a disastrous enough experience in sooth in our own country in these matters without reviving the smouldering forces of controversy. Apart from this the author's criticisms are for the most part pertinent and trenchant. He frequently points out that many features of the system are illogical, although it is asserted by its originator to be a logical whole. We gather from his remarks that he is not deeply impressed in favour of the educational apparatus used in the system. We agree with him. We further agree that too much regard is had to the personality of the founder of the scheme. For example, this fact accounts for the very slight esteem in which Dr. Montessori holds the natural instinct of play in children. This instinct is the most valuable of all the factors at the disposal of the educator. Rightly directed play is, or should be, the foundation of every system of education which is such in reality and not merely that heterogeneous medley of illogical and anomalous odds and ends which passes for education in this country. As Dr. Boyd shows the principle of freedom is common in greater or less degree to Locke, Rousseau, Pestalozzi, and Froebel. Freedom is a wide and vague term. We are doubtful if even the Montessori system is not rather a theoretical than a

practical application of the principle. Dr. Boyd pertinently asks why children should not be allowed to do those things which Madame Montessori forbids if they are, in reality, to be free. He further attacks the second root principle of the Montessori system, namely, that of the education of the senses as the basis of the intellectual life of man.

The point involves so many matters of doubt and controversy that we refrain from entering upon the topic. But we are at one with Dr. Boyd in deprecating the foolish attempt which is made by Montessori to gauge mental capacity by measurement. It is high time that this mischievous doctrine of science consisting of exact measurement should be shattered, and that people should once more return to the true view that science includes knowledge of every possible kind, exact and otherwise. No student should take the Montessori system on trust when he has so excellent and impartial an account of it as Dr. Boyd has given us.

Educational Reform

The Schools and Social Reform. By S. J. G. HOARE, M.P. (John Murray. 6d. net.)

The Problem of the Continuation School. By R. H. BEST and C. K. OGDEN, B.A. (P. S. King and Son. 1s. net.)

THESE two valuable and exhaustive pamphlets bear witness to the increasing dissatisfaction with the present condition of national education. But they do much more than this. They offer an important contribution to some solution of the difficult problem. The first is the clear statement of a constructive policy. It is, in fact, the report of a Sub-Committee appointed by the Unionist Social Reform Committee. It is endorsed by the Right Honourable F. E. Smith, who writes an introduction in which he points out that this "expression of the views on education held by Conservatives is extremely opportune. Mr. Pease has promised the nation a Bill on education, to be introduced in the course of the next session. If that Bill ever sees the light under the existing disturbed state of politics, this volume will give the Opposition a standpoint from which it may criticise or amend the proposed Government measure, or, if that measure falls with the Government, it will afford a basis for Unionist legislation in the future."

We are told of the great expenditure of public money on education—£28,000,000 a year. Is this sum so very large compared with the enormous account—between two and three hundred millions a year—on the two items of drink and defence? Be that as it may, is the general result of the expense of education satisfactory? The Committee answer that they "have been impressed by the paradox of two contrasted facts—the efficiency of the administrative machine and its comparatively small effect upon the life of the nation." The pith of this salient criticism lies in the word

"machine." A machine for cutting chaff produces only chaff. A machine for grinding corn produces flour. The value of the result depends upon what is put into the machine. So the educational machine is turning out a considerable amount of chaff, particularly, as is humorously noted, in the shape of "stacks of County Council circulars." The machine may be working smoothly, but it is working on wrong lines. Also, it stops running too soon, and therefore "only dumps thousands of partially-trained children on the unskilled labour market." The question of waste is discussed in three chapters, the waste caused by bad health, the waste of child labour, and the waste of misdirected teaching, and the Committee agree that, if public education is to continue, this waste must be stopped. What, then, are their recommendations? Briefly they are as follows:—

The feeding of starved children should be regarded as part of school medical treatment, therefore the adoption of the Act should be made compulsory. Similarly, medical treatment should also be made compulsory, and should be provided by the State. Also, on grounds of health, the partial exemption of children of elementary school age must be abolished. And there must be a generous provision of special schools for defective children.

In the chapter on misdirected teaching, the Committee express their belief "that the instruction generally given in the elementary schools has not been of the sort best suited for turning out the type of citizen that the country requires." The classes which do manual labour form a huge majority, but the schools, instead of producing intelligent workmen, are turning out clerks, and often very inefficient clerks. "The Committee therefore recommend that manual instruction be essential to every day-school." Here we cannot agree. Not only would the difficulty be enormous, but the advisability is doubtful. Nor do the Committee appear to grasp one of the most serious defects in our modern system—which we have already pointed out in a former article on education—that the solid ground-work of elementary teaching has been seriously impaired by the invasion of unnecessary subjects which encroach on valuable time. It is true that the Committee strongly advise the establishment of continuation classes, which they consider should be compulsory for boys and girls from the age at which they leave the elementary school until seventeen.

This brings us to the second pamphlet under notice, which is in the first place an excellent account of the practical working of Continuation Schools in Germany. Mr. Best writes "as a manufacturer who, during the course of business, has been intimately in touch with Germany, and has witnessed the extraordinary development of that country during the past fifty years."

Mr. Ogden has visited many of the leading centres of industry and education in Germany, and made a special study of the schools and conditions in the industrial area. Also, he has translated Dr. Kerschensteiner's "Grundfagen der Schulorganisation," to be published immediately under the title "The Schools

and the Nation." The Germans have boldly tackled the difficult problem of reducing the drift of children into "blind-alley" occupations, which in a few years results in a large class of adults unfit for serious trade or even satisfactory employment. In Germany, continuation schools are worked in this way. Attendance is compulsory for about eight hours every week. Young people may follow any employment they can get, but their employers are compelled to allow them the requisite time for attendance at the schools. An admirable detailed account, with full-page illustrations, is given of the large number of various subjects in which practical instruction is given. There are branches for toolmakers, gunsmiths, shoemakers, bakers, butchers, cooks, gardeners, etc., etc. Even waiters, hairdressers, and chimney-sweeps are not overlooked. The buildings are quite splendid. Every possible modern appliance is provided, and, needless to say, the best of teachers. English educationists should notice that, out of the seven or eight hours a week, one is devoted to religion. And what is the result of this work? In those towns where there are continuation schools, a remarkable diminution in the numbers of those who follow "blind-alley" occupations or run the streets. The object of this pamphlet is to try and break down the characteristic English attitude towards any advance in education, viz., an indifferent apathy or even open antagonism. We strongly recommend it to County Council Committees of Education, to school-managers, and to all interested in the future welfare of the country. It is well worth reading.

P. A. M. S.

Towards Utopia

Interpretations and Forecasts. By VICTOR BRANFORD.
(Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

To say that the author of this highly elaborated "study of survivals and tendencies in contemporary society" presents himself as an apostle and exponent of Sociology is not, perhaps, to convey a very precise idea of its scope and purport. For Sociology, like the Socialism with which it is sometimes confounded, is apt to acquire varying meanings in the mouths of its individual interpreters. It does not mean quite the same thing to Mr. Victor Branford, for instance, as it meant to Herbert Spencer, who, as we gather from this volume, had his limitations as an expounder of the science. Mr. Branford has therefore done well in setting forth, with dictionary-like precision, what it is that he understands, and invites us to understand, by the term. "Sociology," he tells us, "is, or at least has set out to be, the science of the social kingdom." So far, so good; though the definition, in itself, does not take us a very long way. Exactly what, in his view, "the social kingdom" connotes, and how the science of which he is so zealous a professor is to be practically applied to its evolution, he has been at great pains to elucidate in the series of papers in which he here asks us, "looking before and after," to survey

the progress of civilised society towards the attainment of his ideals.

Roughly to summarise Mr. Branford's doctrine, one may say that he takes the idea of a co-operative citizenship, evolved on the lines of a kind of glorified mutual improvement society, as the infallible specific for the social, intellectual, and spiritual betterment of the race; and he pins his faith to the world-redeeming influence to be exercised jointly by that "science and art of social humanity" which he calls "Civics," and by an applied theory of Eugenics less crude in its methods and ideals than that which has been so unattractively advocated within very recent years.

All that is here urged in favour of corporate effort for the attainment of higher standards of culture and an enhanced appreciation of everything that makes for the joy and beauty of life must command general and ready assent. The City Beautiful is a vision to which it is well worth while to endeavour to give substance, and the corporate uplifting of its citizens by the power of education, art, and æsthetic refinement is an ideal which only a Bæotian could despise. But it is the common failing of all who put their trust exclusively in these influences that they do not take sufficiently into account the potent factor of individual character, which defeats, and ever will defeat, all attempts to mould societies of men and women into a single uniform pattern. Mr. Branford, to do him justice, seems to have an inkling of this weakness in the position of the enthusiast for "elevating" communities *en masse*; for we find him writing of the Sociologist, in the closing chapter of this book:—

His "science" is often indefinite and even inhuman, and therefore no real science at all, because it lacks an adequate basis in concrete and comprehensive observation of actual persons and houses, of definite villages and cities.

But he might have added that there are "actual persons" by the hundreds in every community who, by character and mental temperament, are incapable of being moved by any kind of appeal except that directed to their sordid material interests; and upon whom the influence of art, of culture, of beautiful surroundings, of all the other weapons in Mr. Branford's sociological armoury, is hopelessly inoperative. It is the old, familiar stumbling-block of the *doctrinaire* Collectivist reformer, Socialist or Sociologist—this blind persistence in ignoring individuality, and in regarding human beings as capable of being guided or enticed in a docile herd along any road that may seem to the well-meaning theorist an avenue of approach to an earthly paradise.

Strange and perverse as it must appear to these enthusiastic devisers of infallible machinery for turning out "the perfect citizen" by the gross, to a regulation pattern, there is something in the very idea which kindles the spirit of revolt in the more independent order of mind. There are many people, thoroughly amenable to the elevating influences upon which reformers like Mr.

Branford rely, who cherish an insuperable repugnance to the notion of being "improved" on a cut-and-dried system by sociological drill-sergeants, and marshalled towards Utopia in battalions. In these matters, as in others, they prefer to work out their own salvation—or, it may be, to take their chance of stumbling upon the path that leads upward, without the assistance even of the best-intentioned fuglemen. By such people—and they will exist in multitudes as long as the world lasts—the apostle of Sociology, with his educational, artistic, and other formulæ, is contemned as an irritating meddler, whose excellence of motive is rendered nugatory by his incapacity to realise that one man's meat—in the words of the homely proverb—is another man's poison, and that human happiness is an individual and not a collective endowment.

All this, however, does not diminish our respect for the signal ability which Mr. Branford has brought to bear upon the exposition of his doctrines of social betterment, and conspicuously upon his retrospective survey of the various factors which he regards as having tended to the evolution of good citizenship and the advancement of "corporate morality" in past ages. Among these factors he gives the foremost place to the influence of womanhood, though it is interesting to note that he considers that influence to find its rightful expression in the moral and spiritual rather than in the political sphere. To the drama he assigns an educative power of the highest value, and the papers in which he traces the working of that power as exercised in the old-time miracle play and "morality" are especially instructive. The present age he admittedly regards as a period of transition, and he looks to a future when "Civics" and "Eugenics," in triumphant combination, shall have realised that ideal of the perfect social life to which the enthusiastic theorist of all periods has bidden his disciples to direct their gaze. Some of us, whose will to believe is embarrassed by the recollection that human nature, despite all mental and physical culture, remains much the same in all ages, may fail to be convinced that the New Jerusalem will ever find its counterpart in this imperfect world. But we shall be none the less ready to agree that Mr. Branford has given us a remarkable and a very stimulating book.

The question of utilising public collections in teaching is very much to the fore at the moment, and the honorary secretary of the Selborne Society, Mr. Wilfred Mark Webb, has arranged a special Children's Museum at the Children's Welfare Exhibition, which will be open at Olympia until April 30. On the living side, of which Mr. Webb makes a great point, there are marine and fresh-water aquaria, vivaria, and a wild flower table, as well as a number of microscopes for demonstrating pond-life. The mounted specimens include some very interesting series dealing with natural history, and the whole exhibit will prove useful to teachers as well as attractive to young people.

Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

No. II.—TO MISS MARIE CORELLI.

MADAM,—I learnt recently with real interest that you had completed negotiations with a new publisher for the issue of your next novel: it was said, with what truth of course I am not in a position to judge, that you had secured terms 25 per cent. better than those offered by the old firm. Whether that be true or false, I have no means of ascertaining. We all know, on your own authority, that the world of gossip takes an unholy pleasure in misrepresenting and maligning you; the point that matters is that you have decided to make any sort of change. It is entirely in keeping with the view you have, I believe, always held that authors should learn to look after their own affairs. Not to do so is to proclaim to the world their business incapacity, and, as authors have been doing that ever since publishers first came into existence, I can only take it that in this respect, as in so many others, you are an exception to the commonly accepted rule that literary genius and business acumen are incompatible.

Of course, I do not suggest that royalties and miserable considerations of the amount which is to be advanced against the sale of the initial hundred thousand copies of any novel you may write, are your first thought. Mammon has no message for you. Have you not said, "If I could not make a penny by it, I should still write, and still love writing"? Was the true artistic temperament ever put in simpler or more convincing words? And yet there comes a moment when the artistic temperament surrenders itself to the cash nexus which the sage of Chelsea somewhere points out is the line of demarcation between status and contract. May I extend my humble meed of admiration to one who can thus step down periodically from the Olympian heights to participate in the vulgar bargainings of the market-place? Art may take courage from your example, and, if one of the eminence of the author of "The Sorrows of Satan" can thus secure herself without the intervention of a mere agent, why not votaries to whom every shilling gained or saved is a matter of infinitely greater moment?

There is really nothing astonishing in your resolution to conduct your own affairs. Independence is the keynote of your philosophy of life. You have proved this in your attitude towards criticism of your work. It is, no doubt, amazing that the essential beauties and the master-craftsmanship of "A Romance of Two Worlds" should not have been appreciated by the professional critic when tens of thousands of people detected them for themselves. Is the secret that which you discovered long ago? Do these wicked professional scribes really descend to the barbarity of attacking something they have never read, and, if so, why should they select you, of all people, for victim? I admit that, if you sought a way of putting their backs up in regard to subsequent efforts, you took the very shortest cut to the accomplishment of your pur-

pose when you declared war on them as a body and issued that epoch-making special notice, holding them up to the contempt of a public which looks to them for guidance. In effect it ran: "No copies of any future book of Miss Marie Corelli's will be sent out for review. If the pressman wants a copy, he can buy it like any ordinary person, at a bookseller's. He can pay 4s. 6d., if he wishes to have the pleasure of delivering himself of his venom." It would not be chivalrous in me to suggest that in my view this is a unique example of the unfitness of woman to meet the public and professional enemy as men meet him. I have never noticed any peculiarly tender regard for the susceptibilities of others when you have deemed it your duty to oppose them on any subject. The truth is, though one can hardly expect you to admit this, your critics have so often exposed the absurdities and the pretentious crudities of your work, and left you no loophole for effective reply that you have been driven back upon that worst of all defences — personal animus. This is much to be regretted, because I am not alone in thinking that you have in you the makings of a real literary force if you could only be induced to take a more modest view of the quality of your work as it leaves your hand: the power of auto-criticism is not among the gifts which have been vouchsafed to you. What you have written you have written, and that is the end of the matter. Anyone who does not accept it at your own valuation is either incompetent or prejudiced. You alone are the child of light, and those who have the temerity to say anything to the contrary are just imps of darkness.

One who has enjoyed the blessing of such diverse and exalted personages as the late King Edward, Mr. Gladstone, Tennyson, and Bishop Wilberforce may, perhaps, be justified in thinking she has some kind of mission beyond that of more ordinary mortals. It is no reflection on you, but it is a reflection on any Christian and scholar that he should treat a fantastic jumble of pseudo-religion and pseudo-science as good either for humanity or religion. That you approach the Gospel story in a spirit of pure reverence I do not doubt, but you have certainly not left it the "grandly simple story" you found it. You appear to have come to the conclusion that modern scientific developments demand a new apostle of Christ and that the world might not go far astray if it looked for such an apostle in the neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon. Modern science has presented us with many manifestations which verge on the miraculous, but it has done nothing which carries us quite the length of your conception of the Almighty as "a Shape of pure Electric Radiance," and of Christ's ascension into Heaven as establishing our electric communication with the Creator. It is rather a pity, from the mere showman point of view, that you conceived the great idea of the Electric Presence quite so soon: if you had waited a few years, Marconi might have provided a still more striking means of communication between the earth and the world beyond. It is not easy to read in these days of "the Redeemer stepping out of the Inner Circle" with-

out feeling that a greater significance attached to the electrification of our railways than any of us had hitherto realised. At this Easter-time especially the incongruity of the conception strikes one with peculiar force.

I am all with you in the often powerful protest you have uttered against the hypocrisy and the abnegation of religion, in some of our latter-day methods. Your sincerity is beyond question; I am not prepared to risk controversy by throwing out any sort of suggestion that you were intent merely to make a sensation; but you have unfortunately adopted a line which has brought the sublime so near the ridiculous that you have given the very people at whom you have aimed your shafts occasion only to laugh. Others deplore your handling of sacred topics as downright blasphemy.

I am, Madam, Yours Obediently,
CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

Shorter Reviews

Luther and the Reformation. By LEONARD D. AGATE, M.A. *Schopenhauer.* By MARGRIETA BEER, M.A. *The Foundations of Religion.* By STANLEY COOK, MA. *A History of Rome.* By A. F. GILES, M.A. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 6d. each net.)

NEARLY one hundred of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack's People's Book have now been published. The full list covers a very wide range of subjects, in science, history, biography, religion, philosophy, and literature. The publishers and the general editor, Mr. H. C. O'Neill, are to be congratulated on undertaking this scheme and carrying it out so successfully. They have secured the co-operation of men and women of ability in all departments. The compression of great subjects into short studies of less than one hundred pages is no easy endeavour. But so far as we may judge from the copies before us, which we have read with much interest, the work is well done. Adopting the metaphor of one of the writers, these little books may correctly be described as gateways of knowledge. In the case of those who are trying to educate themselves, they might lead to the pathway of further learning; while to the partially educated they should bring much additional light. And for the great majority, who do not lay claim to the rank of scholars, they are most convenient books of reference. A complete set would make quite a valuable encyclopædic shelf in any library.

Of those we are asked to consider, Mr. Agate's volume on Luther is admirably done, and a controversial period is treated with conspicuous fairness and a laudable freedom from religious bias. It is well worth reading. The study of Schopenhauer and his philosophy is excellent. "The Foundations of Religion," though good in itself, strikes us as a book in which

a beginner would find himself very much out of his depth. The History of Rome is well written, chiefly on constitutional lines: a sketch—it does not profess to be more—but a useful one. Primers are not exactly royal roads to learning, nor are these books exactly primers. They are really useful introductions and sketches, and those who know how to use such handbooks would do well to obtain a complete list of the subjects.

The Influence of Pater and Matthew Arnold in the Prose Writings of Oscar Wilde. By ERNST BENDZ. (H. Grevel and Co. 3s. net.)

To what extent the task of tracing influences of one writer in the work of another is interesting to the reader depends almost entirely upon the skill and critical equipment of the one who undertakes that task. It is open to anybody with the gift of a fluent pen to take a set of books and to draw comparisons and analogies, to indicate similarities and passages that seem to show plagiarism; but the result may be extremely disappointing, and such laborious literary researches are not often very useful. Mr. Ernst Bendz has been painstaking and thoroughly sincere in the writing of this book, but we fear that the result will not make a wide appeal. The two essays forming the bulk of the treatise were originally published in a Helsingfors review in 1912 and 1913. His mastery of our language is notable; his introduction forms a complete and valuable essay in itself. Further than this, we do not see that any very useful purpose is served by the preparation of the work and its issue as a book. A few students will be interested, without doubt, for there are some remarkable resemblances to be traced on the lines suggested; but the value of the whole business as a contribution to critical literature is questionable.

What Federalism is Not. By FREDERICK S. OLIVER. (John Murray. 6d. net.)

THE Home Rule Bill of 1912 was presented to Parliament as a step towards the institution of a Federal system for the British Isles. It could have been presented in no other guise; for if it had been propounded as a self-contained settlement it would have been an avowed attempt to stereotype the following conditions: That Britain should carry to completion an enormous capital commitment to enable Irish tenants to become freeholders, should pay Ireland a yearly cash subvention of two millions, discharge Ireland's proportionate due to Imperial expenditure to the extent of about four millions annually, and forgo all practical control of Irish affairs while tolerating the continuation of Irish interference, and possible dominance, in the whole range of affairs surveyed by the Parliament at Westminster. Since Parnell's days the Irish Nationalist leaders have always proceeded on the assumption that British electors are people who can be victimised *ad*

libitum; but the Home Rule proposals of 1912 were too impudent to be presented without a saving clause. So the intelligence of Liberals was successfully insulted by the pretence that Home Rule as prescribed for Ireland was the preliminary to federation for the whole realm.

Mr. Oliver has concisely and conclusively shown how gross the insult to the intelligence of Liberals was, and that the Home Rule Bill of 1912 is an attempt to offer something which shall encourage the secessionist aspirations of "Sinn Fein" while reassuring apprehensive British Whigs, and deliver Ireland to her agrarian protectionists without silencing the cooing of the Cobden Club. It was conceived in duplicity and brought forth in hypocrisy, and the honest federalist who is inclined to take it to his bosom finds, on a closer view, that he can only drop it with disgust.

Children of the Hills: Tales and Sketches of Western Ireland in the Old Time and the Present Day. By DERMOT O'BYRNE. (Maunsell and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE work of the Gaelic League has given a new impetus to Irish literature, and many Irish authors have been collecting old folk-lore stories or writing graphic sketches of modern peasant life. Ireland is still surrounded by that marvellous glamour of poetry and romance which has ever enveloped the Celtic peoples. In fact, romance is the very genius of the race, and in the Middle Ages Celtic romance produced a literature which, as Renan says, "exercised an immense influence, changed the current of European civilisation, and imposed its poetical motives on nearly the whole of Christendom." Nor is this wonderful romance dead to-day. At least it has seen a remarkable resurrection, a revival destined to exercise a new and important influence in a material and commercial age.

Mr. O'Byrne's tales and sketches are taken from Western Ireland of the old time and in the present day. Some have already appeared in the art periodical *Orpheus*, and two in the *Irish Review*.

The two studies, "Through the Rain" and "The Lifting of the Veil" are highly imaginative, yet breathe the spirit of that belief in human reincarnation peculiar to Oriental races, which the Celts may have brought with them in the earliest movement westward. We should like to know how far there is any evidence that this belief may linger still anywhere in Christian Ireland. "Hunger" is a curious account of the loss of an early MS., and indirectly points to the veneration in which books were held in old days. "Seanoidin" is a weird and romantic story of the fervour of Celtic passion.

In "Ancient Dominions" the author pictures a survival of pagan and Druidic worship in a secret and wonderful cave near the roar of the Atlantic surges. No doubt, faery and other superstitions may be found in plenty among the Celts, but we wonder again how

far his statement is fact when he says that "those who are intimate with the soul of the Gaelic peasant know that the God of the Christian is only one amongst a Pantheon of hidden dominations, lovely and terrible?"

This seems to us a distorted view of the deep Christian faith of all the Celtic peoples. Be that as it may, Mr. O'Byrne is gifted with a powerful imagination, and his stories are illumined with the mystic light of a charming romance.

The Effect of Taxes on Food Stuffs: When and Why a Tax on Food Stuffs Does Not Increase the Cost to the Consumer. By BERNARD DALE. (Effingham Wilson. 2s. net.)

WE fear that this very valuable little book is likely to prove "caviare to the general." It is not easily intelligible to those who are not grounded in political economy, and the substance of it is a close argument on "the principles which regulate the formation of price in market transactions and the application of these principles to the incidence of duties on food stuffs"—the application being conducted "in the light of the doctrine of marginal utility." Mr. Dale states his conclusion in the following terms:—"The result is to show that a tax on that portion of the supply of food stuffs finding sale in England which is produced under the more favourable circumstances would not increase the cost of the whole supply unless the tax exceeds in amount the value of the differential advantage possessed by the owner of such portion, or, if there is more than one such favoured portion, does not exceed in amount the value of the differential advantage possessed by the owner of the least favoured of the favoured portions." The author advocates this doctrine with great cogency and much erudition; it brings him into conflict with pontifical utterances of the highest dignitaries, past and present, of British political economy, but he is in spirit a Luther of market philosophy, and is as ready to attack the dispensation of J. S. Mill as he is to contradict Lord George Hamilton. Every zealous Tariff Reformer should add Mr. Dale's book to his armoury, and Free Traders whose Cobdenism is not merely an example of acquired tendency inherited, and therefore congenital and safe, should study it as a stimulus to the provision of defence against a dangerous attack.

The future of the musical profession, and especially the need for better organisation, is the subject of a new book, "The Future of Musicians," by Mr. Emile Krall, to be published shortly by Messrs. Bell. This work is likely to arouse lively interest in the musical world, as it touches many points now being freely discussed. The main object of the author is to describe and advocate a scheme of professional organisation designed to consolidate the profession and place it on a satisfactory economic basis.

Fiction

Kicks and Ha'pence. By HENRY STACE. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

IN a quiet way, and without any extravagance of phrasing or straining after impressive style, Mr. Stace tells in this novel of the struggles of a young clerk of very modest equipment as to brains and a truly pitiful knack of servility and embarrassment in the presence of authority. "Struggles," perhaps, is too strong a word, for the poor little "hero," when confronted by difficulty or emergency, could manage at best a feeble wriggle or two. This theme may not seem very promising; but in this writer's hands it gives keen interest, and we have been compelled to follow the story closely, with a sense of pleasure that increased as the plot progressed. The clerk, being discharged through a misunderstanding as to some missing money, becomes a tea-canvasser, and his duties take him into the country; the account of his experiences, his realisation that the seasons of the year meant more than he had ever known, is very well done indeed. And yet he remains unambitious; he has no notion of raising himself, of making events serve his purpose; he is moulded by whatever forces come his way. His landladies, his love-affair, his final scrap of good fortune, all hold the attention, and if, as we suppose, this is the author's first novel, he is to be congratulated. His work is not unknown to readers of this paper, and he has that calm, effective method which is one of the best equipments of the novelist who values the possibilities of language.

Tania. By MERIEL BUCHANAN. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)

THROUGH her characters, Miss Buchanan calls attention more than once to the fact that she is writing melodrama, and it is curious that, being conscious of this, she persists in it, though in justice it must be admitted that it is very good melodrama. The story of *Tania* involves that of two men, Paul and Serge; the former loved her truly and well, while the latter, having loved and ridden away in her youth, comes back when she is engaged to Paul, and is partly instrumental in breaking off the engagement. But *Tania* understands, after Paul has gone, that she loves him too much for her peace of mind, and the greater part of the story is taken up with her efforts to get back to him, in spite of the fact that Serge has persuaded her into an engagement with himself.

Such things as blind, murderous rages, throbbing foreheads, feverish gaiety, and weariful scorn, attest the character of the work and the youth of the worker, for these are old properties, belonging rather to the serial or novelette than to the library novel. But, in spite of such drawbacks, there is in the story the right note—sounding weakly with such accompani-

ments, it is true, yet present and evident. Except for the names of persons and places, this might as well have been called a story of South Sea or London life, for there is little sense of locality—the people alone interest the writer, evidently. Admitting the imperfections of this book, we look for more work from the same pen, and trust that with more experience the author will learn that *clichés* of the kind perpetrated here must be avoided.

Gilbert Ray. By E. HUGHES-GIBB. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 6s.)

IN this novel Mrs. Hughes-Gibb presents a sympathetic study of a certain temperament. Gilbert Ray is an idealist, and an idealist he remains throughout the story. But, in the opening chapters, we find him moving about in worlds not realised. What is lacking to him is a knowledge of real life. It comes to him in various ways. He finds himself the guardian of an orphan child. He begins to take an interest in industrial questions. His thoughts turn to Socialism, but he is quick to detect the danger of that much-advertised panacea for all the ills of the world. And then he falls in love. The object of his affections, however,—and it is here that Mrs. Hughes-Gibb imposes a somewhat severe strain upon our credulity—refuses to marry him unless he definitely adopts the Socialistic creed. So, true to his principles, he renounces marriage, and drifts through life a sort of vague philanthropist, preaching a creed of mysticism to the unimaginative ironworkers among whom he has chosen to live. Death comes at last: and one may infer that it comes as a deliverance. There are not too many Gilbert Rays in the world, and the author of this novel may be thanked for her vividly realised picture of a noble, impracticable, lovable soul, "who through weakness was made strong."

The Trend. By WILLIAM ARKWRIGHT. (John Lane. 6s.)

IT is difficult, in spite of an announcement of a previous novel by the same author on the flyleaf, to recognise this book as other than a first attempt, for there is so much crudity in the first chapters, and so great an improvement as the story proceeds, that it is as if the author had learnt to write while compiling the story. At the opening, it is stilted, dull work; the middle chapters are marked by overdone epigram and prosy cleverness, and the end is very nearly a fine tragedy of the kind that Algernon Blackwood does so well. Through it all runs the fault of which the singer hero is accused; the author stands back, and never gets into touch with his characters; the hand of the craftsman is evident all the time, and we see more of the writer than of his work. This may appear like mere

carping, but a perusal of the book—or even of a part—will attest the reality of these faults.

The story is that of a composer who found a singer in a Derbyshire Arcadia, trained him, and through him achieved fame—but the singer's part in the cantata which brought fame to its composer included the representation of a burning at the stake, and the playing of the part became so real to the singer that it killed him at the first performance. There are other things and other people in the book, of course, but this bare outline of the plot will be sufficient to show that only genius of the highest order could save such a situation from bathos. It says much for the author that there is but the suspicion, but we would recommend him to try simpler themes, and leave out the "clever" conversations, when he writes again.

Some New French Plays

IN "L'Epervier," at the Ambigu-Comique, M. de Croisset draws the characters of unscrupulous yet seductive cosmopolitan nobles, and of a chivalrous, sympathetic young diplomat. None could do so better, for the author, though a naturalised Frenchman, is of an essentially cosmopolitan origin; besides, he possesses a gay and witty impertinence, and his experience of life is startling and complex. Though Belgian-born, he had little trouble to forget his accent and his Semitic origin, and with the elegant appellation of de Croisset, he adapted himself so well that in a very short time he became one of the most Parisian of Parisian authors. The basis of the subject of "L'Epervier" is much the same as that treated by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton in "The Duke's Son": the gambling unscrupulousness of two adventurers. It will certainly rank as one of M. de Croisset's best plays. He has treated the dramatic situation with a vigorous sobriety which we were not accustomed to find in his works, and which throws into full value the graceful, witty and tender scenes. Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat personifies the irresistible Marina, and proves herself once more a consummate artist, but without much charm or magnetism. She is elegant and distinguished, she plays very justly, but does not dominate her audience. M. André Brulé's natural gifts of insolence and haughtiness find free play in the rôle of Dazetta; in the third act he has accents of profound emotion which have won him favour. The chivalrous diplomat is M. Roger Monteaux, who does not excel in the part. Several other persons of less importance are well interpreted by Mme. Rosa Bruck, Jane Sabrier, Armand Bour and Lucien Brulé.

"La Victime," by MM. Vanderem and Franc Nohain, has obtained a success at the Comédie des Champs Elysées. It is not, as its title seems to suggest, a drama, but a deliciously subtle comedy, in which a question of great moment is treated under an appearance of paradox. In nearly all divorce cases the general sympathy goes to the child; in this play we

are shown the disastrous moral effect of the abnormal life of a little boy living alternately with his mother and father, who each try to retain his affection by showering on him presents, attentions and pleasures. But the authors have especially noted that, if the parents manifest such ardent demonstrations of love, it is not so much out of a disinterested affection for the child as from an ugly desire of spiting each other. At the last, after a series of delicately toned scenes, through poor little Gégé's unwilling mediation, they become reconciled. Everybody is happy except Gégé, who sees the days of unlimited bliss he spent during his parents' separation drawing to an end. He has done all he possibly could to retard the reconciliation, which he divined with terror was inevitable, for he knows that as soon as his parents resume their married life they will be so preoccupied by their quarrels and dissensions that they will continue to forget his welfare.

Gégé is played by Juliette Malherbe, aged eleven, who is perfectly astounding. During the three acts she is continually on the stage and has not one error or lapse of memory. She fully understands the complex sentiments which agitate poor Gégé, and is already quite an old artist; for she made her first appearance at three years of age! The part of Janine, the girl friend of Gégé, is taken by Mlle. Odette Carlia, aged eight, who is also very remarkable; but she is eclipsed by the really superior talent of Mlle. Malherbe. It is said that a keen rivalry exists between the two miniature artists!

Mme. Jeanne Lion has created with her accustomed talent the *rôle* of the mother of Gégé. She is elegant and sympathetic, and possesses a very charming voice—but perhaps rather exaggerates the poses of her neck and head. She is, however, really very handsome. The other parts are well held by M. Arvel and Paul Chevalet.

"La Danseuse de Tanagra," an opera presented at the Gaité-Lyrique, shows the danger of being curious. Karysta, a little Tanagrian dancer, wishes to know the future. The mother of her lover Seppeos reveals to her that she will dance three times more, and then die. In order to evade this fate Seppeos decides that she shall dance no more, and takes her away. Passing through Rome one day they meet Messalina, accompanied by her favourite consul, Silius. Messalina, escorted by nude dancers and musicians and flower-strewers, is struck by the fine physique of Seppeos. Silius, who is fair-haired and has quite a wicked eye, soon notices the frail beauty of Karysta. But the chaste Egyptian refuses to understand the purpose of Messalina's insinuations, and thus attracts the wrath of the Empress. To save him Karysta dances, once, twice, being between times occupied in escaping from the importunate attentions of Silius. And thus her fate is going to be accomplished. But Messalina, who cannot pardon those who resist her, persuades Seppeos by a ruse that Karysta has listened to Silius' ardent protestations. Seppeos immediately wishes to kill himself, and believing it to be poison, he drinks a

narcotic which the tigerish Empress presents to him in a gilded cup.

Karysta appears, and Messalina shows her the body of Seppeos, who is sleeping the sleep of the innocent and pure of heart in the midst of an infernal din. Karysta believes him dead, and when she is asked by Silius to dance a third time does not hesitate to comply, although she knows she is committing suicide. At that moment Seppeos naturally wakes: he sees the girl taking an active part in the orgy, and his wrath knows no bounds. He strikes her, and she falls back dying. Then the sympathetic Messalina tells him that Karysta is pure and worthy of his love. He kills himself. Everybody retires while Messalina, who is sentimental at times, throws rose-leaves over the bodies of the lovers, united at last.

Such is the libretto of "La Danseuse de Tanagra," which is a pretext for showing us legs of all kinds and shapes; happily, some are quite agreeable to contemplate, we must admit. Still, it is a rather surprising work for the popular Gaité-Lyrique; and it reminds us more of a music-hall revue than an opera. Mlle. Brozia is a very handsome Messalina, with a fine voice, but though she has recourse to all her talent and physical qualities, she does not succeed in rendering the dissolute Empress very interesting or original. M. Valette expresses with much energy the good resolutions of the virtuous Egyptian, and Mme. Lambert Wuillaume is a delicate Karysta with a delicious voice; but when she dances, one cannot imagine why Silius is so much enchanted thereby.

MARC LOGE.

Beyrout

THE globe-trotter, alighting fortuitously at Beyrout, will find little in the general aspect of the town to arouse his enthusiasm. Distance, that soothing and mellowing influence, must first be requisitioned in order to bring home to the wanderer's soul, albeit in a subtle way, the charm which too close a scrutiny of the streets and houses might dispel. For it is in its relation to its environment that this Sentinel of the Eastern Mediterranean may justly claim more than a passing glance from the deck of the tourist steamer that condescends to cast anchor off the harbour, for the purpose of giving the more ambitious sightseers an opportunity of a visit to Damascus. This railway journey takes nine hours, and the distance traversed is some ninety miles. Since, however, the line rises from the coast to well over 4,000 feet in crossing the Lebanon, the truly Eastern rate of progress is easily accounted for.

Few cities are more favourably located than Beyrout. From the æsthetic point of view it is anything but a disappointment to the visitor approaching from the sea. It stands on a headland of the Syrian coast which helps to form St. George's Bay, so named as being a traditional site of that worthy hero's performances. The beautiful waters of the Mediterranean, whose gorgeous

blue and soft limpidity defy while they invite description, bathe the rocky shores on the north and west sides of the town. To the south lies a broad expanse of sand, blown by the south-western winds into dunes that peep inquisitively over the housetops at man's more immediate domain. To the east of the town a fertile plain stretches away to the mountains of Lebanon, whose lower slopes are but three or four miles distant.

This famous range, running north and south parallel with the coast-line, forms a magnificent background which sets off Beyrout to great advantage. Though detrimental to trade with the interior of the country, owing to the obstacle it presents to traffic, the lover of Nature will willingly condone this affront to man's commercial aspirations in consideration of the majesty of the "everlasting hills." Sunnin, the highest point visible from the town, looks down serenely with 8,000 feet of superiority. The residents of Beyrout love to retreat to the heights during the hot months; in Syria, however, the summer sun's steady glare is almost as relentless at altitudes of thousands of feet as at sea-level.

The population of the town may be estimated at 190,000. The people are known as Syrians, and they claim descent from the Phœnicians. Whether their title to such a remote ancestry can be substantiated or not, they certainly manifest trading propensities similar to those which distinguished the historic bargainers. A lively trade is carried on, Beyrout being the principal port in Syria. French influence is very strongly felt, and it is to the French that thanks are due for the building of the harbour, the gas lighting of the town, and the construction of the railway to Damascus. A more recent addition to such Western improvements is the Belgian electric tramway system—a great boon to the inhabitants.

Great antiquity attaches to Beyrout. It came under the sway of the Romans, who had a famous school of law here. An earthquake destroyed the town in the sixth century, and it is to be hoped that future records of this—the ancient Berytus—will not be made conspicuous by a renewal of such violent attentions on the part of Nature. In the year A.D. 1840 it rained cannon-balls in Beyrout: this time the English Fleet was responsible.

Judging from the number of educational institutions to be found here, the amount of erudition to be gained should be considerable. The reputation of Beyrout as a seat of learning is being heroically sustained, and in the van of the scholastic army we find the Syrian Protestant College, a university of noteworthy size, said to be the largest American institution outside the borders of the United States. Within its walls over nine hundred students, Syrian, Egyptian, Armenian, Greek and others, diligently pursue their studies in the departments of Arts, Medicine and Commerce.

One curious feature presented to the visitor is the quaint conglomeration of colour which meets the gaze. Here is a happy hunting-ground for riotous tints and hues. No species of paint comes amiss to the builder

with which to decorate the exterior of his house. Here are to be seen buildings, white, blue, red, yellow and green, topped with ubiquitous red-tiled roofs. And yet the general effect is not unpleasing, and, on the whole, satisfies the eye. It is all in keeping with the various green tints of the plain, the blue of sea and sky, the lights and shades of Lebanon.

The government of the town is, of course, in Turkish hands, although the number of Turks residing here outside the official circle is small. Of the various religious sects represented, those of Christian faith form the larger part of the population, the Moslem element constituting roughly two-fifths of the whole. As in all centres of trade, the descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are in evidence, though not in such large numbers as might be expected. A feature of religious distinctions in this country is their political significance, which often tends to overshadow the more spiritual consideration.

The system of money circulating in Beyrout is the despair of the tourist and the valuable ally of any unscrupulous dragoman. Within its intricacies many a little fairy tale may find a safe retreat. It is hardly possible to conceive a more illogically complex and hopeless medium of exchange; and the attempts of the newcomer to grapple with the puzzle are pathetic. Strangely enough, for purposes of accounting our own system is more troublesome than the "piastres" and "paras." It is the handling and reckoning of the coins themselves that calls for mathematical gifts of no mean order, owing to the disproportionate values they possess.

Beyrout has few objects of historical interest to the blasé traveller; nor is it a typically Oriental town, owing to its position on the sea-board, which has served to introduce a large foreign element, with its usual leavening properties. In spite of its unpretentious character, however, it succeeds in winning for itself kindest remembrances in the minds of those who have made it their home for any length of time. The older foreign residents note with amusement how this spell of the East reveals itself in the return of one after another who, after having left the shores of Syria, must needs submit once more to the constraining charm. This attraction is probably traceable to the climatic conditions which prevail, apart from the country itself. To one grown accustomed to the clear atmosphere and genial sunshine of Syria, the depressing gloom existing in so many Western cities is a thing unpleasant to endure, and the instinctive sun-worshipper reverts—in imagination at least—to his old basking ground. In the East, time loses while natural life gains in value. Man exerts less influence; Nature augments her own. Existence becomes simpler, but more real. Here the emptiness of fame is realised, in the face of the cosmos, silent and unrelenting, working out its own ends.

The routine of Beyrout life would not suit everyone. The feverish seeker after wealth, or the aspirant to renown in the world's affairs, might advisedly seek a more promising field from which to reap the harvest of

his energy and enterprise. But Beyrout is loved of her own, in spite of the streets too often in need of repair, the inadequate sanitation, the plague of vagrant beggars and free-food dogs. And when day is closing in and the refuge of home is sought, and there is borne on the ear the dreamy cadence of the muezzin's call to prayer, a mystic influence steals athwart life's path and bears the victim uncomplaining in its train. Let us wander to the shore and welcome the first beams of the rising moon. Over high Lebanon she comes, clear and full, and across the bay is thrown the image of her glorious and silvery highway. One sound, restless, eternal, wakens undying echoes. It is the surging and moaning sea.

E. J. G.

Scotland on the Equator

THE most vivid impression left by a ride ten thousand feet above ocean level in the Aberdare Mountains, which tower between Kenia and the Rift Valley, is the strange if superficial resemblance of the flora and the closer approximation of climate and landscape to those of North Britain. The ride itself, on mule-back, from the bed of the Rift Valley, is a grim climb into the clouds, since, though Lake Naivasha, the starting point from the main line of the Uganda Railway, lies nearly seven thousand feet higher than Mombasa, the remaining three or four thousand feet are covered in two stages. The first takes us up two not very imposing escarpments a few miles from the lake, and across a broad and grassy plateau, teeming with ostrich, zebra, and hartebeeste, inhabited also by lion, leopard, and other wild game, to the foot of the Aberdares, where camp is pitched that evening. The real climb comes next morning, when, the safari of Kikuyu porters having been sent on in advance, the forester and myself start out on mules an hour or two later. Even here, in the foothills, the keen morning air strikes a very unaccustomed note after weeks at Mombasa and even at Nairobi, but at the summit of the Aberdares, where we camped that evening on the banks of a lovely trout stream, my thermometer registered three degrees of frost; and later on in the trip I had the novel experience, within a few miles of the Equator, of riding my frightened mule through a stinging, blinding hail-storm. Such conditions are not wanting in memories of days of fishing and shooting in the Highlands, but the North Country at home was recalled rather by the beauty of the mountain scenery, with brambles and heather and the snows of Kenia in place of those of Ben Nevis.

It is no easy winning, this summit of the Aberdares. Even the most sure-footed of mules needs continual holding up and encouragement with voice and whip, and a grade of one in two, much of it over bare rock still slippery from yesterday's rain, is enough to make any mule stumble if its rider's thoughts wander. On the whole, they are not likely to; I have come safely

through more risky climbs in the saddle in the Cural of Madeira, and in the High Atlas where it frowns over Marrakesh, where, for hours together, a side-slip would have meant annihilation—a menace from which this track up the steep of the Aberdares is wholly free, but it is difficult to forget that the bush may be full of leopards; this alone makes a man wonderfully careful not to leave the back of his mule.

The homogeneity of alpine landscape is world-wide. Yet the Scottish aspect of the trees and shrubs, so apparent to the careless eye, loses some of its reality on closer survey. The juniper, here known as cedar, stands cheek by jowl with the wild olive and feathery bamboo, the latter, in huge clumps on either side of the track, suddenly transporting us to the conditions of an Indian jungle. Wild flowers are many and varied. Here is the giant lobelia, and there a dwarf alpine species. St. John's wort and groundsel are reminiscent of home woodlands, but the African note is struck a few yards farther on by wild jasmine and Westonia. Conspicuous is a crinum lily, and the Cape gooseberry seeds itself on every farm in the valley.

The illusion of a European hilltop is the more easily sustained by reason of the rarity of man in the landscape. Were these mountain trails more freely used by the Wa-kikuyu, weedy savages of poor physique that they take little trouble to conceal with clothing, the fantasy would soon be dispelled. Nor are the wild birds and beasts such as we should look for in the glens about the rocky course of Awe or Orchy. Iridescent sunbirds and crimson-breasted shrikes, yellow weaver-birds and crested cranes, have no equivalent on Scottish moors, and the duiker and baboons, which the forester's pointer puts up at short intervals, are hardly in keeping with memories of days with grouse and salmon.

A more appropriate note of identity is struck by the brown trout of the Gura, and as I stood near a beautiful waterfall, gladly watching my rod bend to the struggles of a gay two-pounder, I might easily have been once more north of the Border. Yet, even here, the illusion is artificial, for these brown trout, fighting so gallantly in their Equatorial pools, are not indigenous to Africa, but were imported in an embryo state from home—a worthy undertaking that has been crowned with greater measure of success than its promoters ever dreamed of, but surely not with more than their far-seeing enterprise deserved.

F. G. AFLALO.

The third concert in the series of Mr. Josef Holbrooke's subscription concerts will take place at the Arts Centre, Mortimer Street, W., on Friday, April 24, at 8 o'clock. The programme includes a string quartet by César Franck, new songs by Cyril Scott and Frederick Austin, piano solos and a piano quintet by Mr. Holbrooke, and other exceptionally interesting items.

Unbeaten Tracks

CARACAS.

THE mystery of the origin of the primitive races of America will perhaps never be solved, for the Spaniards set themselves with fanatical zeal to destroy every vestige of the ancient civilisation. In spite of revolutions and changes of dynasty relics of early Egypt have come down to us in profusion. When Egypt was the arbitress of nations the organised polity of Aztecs and Incas had probably reached a standard far higher than that of the Old World. The New World races were, we may believe, an offshoot of the Mongol stock and carried with them, from the cradle of Chinese art and science, much that the Western world boasts as its peculiar possession.

Their exodus was doubtless of vast antiquity, and some seismic overthrow perhaps cut off the flow of emigration. The illimitable resources of the virgin continent which was overrun by the trekkers developed communities of high social achievement, but lacking in fighting qualities. If we could but restore in the mind's eye the civil regime of the Incas it would reveal a mighty national organisation—harmonious, ordered, highly skilled in the arts. We know that they built roads boldly designed, aqueducts, temples. This people resembled a huge hive of human bees, working out its destiny on the basis of co-operative effort. A friend of the present writer has traced in remote Mexico a stream of temples and public works seven miles in length. All is now shrouded in tropical jungle, and in the denser jungle of human forgetting.

Columbus was a pioneer of true nobility of character, but his immediate successors sowed a crop of dragons' teeth, and the wrongs they inflicted grew in geometrical progression. Is it a law of Nature that the fighting strain of men alone can persist in the struggle for survival? It is a hard saying. At any rate, a handful of pale-faces shattered the empires of the West. Those empires are obliterated as completely as the winter's snow in summer, and to-day, from Canada to Patagonia, a furtive folk, wandering apart from the tribes of modern men, are all that is left of a great tradition. To hustling Western pioneers the Indian is "pison." His ideals are not theirs; he cares little for the making of dollars and other gods worshipped in the Pantheon of the Westerner. Thus it has come about that when the hustler has not mowed down the aborigines with ferocious cunning, by the aid of fire-spitting weapons or fire-water, he has cowed them into beasts of burden, slaves in all but name.

Thoughts such as these intrude on the traveller who climbs the bluffs between La Guaira and Caracas by railway. The line is English; its windings cover three times the actual distance to be traversed. The high road has been deserted and is blocked, so we were told, with soil tipped during the making of the railway, although a sole concession for a highroad had been previously granted to another firm of contractors. This was regarded as a normal transaction, for no one ex-

pressed any confidence in the good faith of the Government, but all had unbounded confidence in the efficiency of a bribe. We toiled up the long incline through a desert scrub. A small contingent of locusts made the metals so slippery that once or twice it looked as if we should be baffled. Now and again we stopped to "shoo" cattle off the tracks. It is a grand ascent. From the footplate of the locomotive every twist in the route reveals a fresh vista.

In 1595 up through these "rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven," clambered Amyas Preston and his little band of Englishmen. Kingsley pithily tells their story. So desperate was the venture that the men begged their officers to kill them, rather than endure the torture of struggling on. But, nevertheless, on they went, and, tracking their way by Indian goat paths, smote the Spaniards in the fancied security of their eagles' eyrie; and, ridding the coast of its tormentors, left a name for hardihood and daring such as the world will not willingly let die. Diego Losada had established his little outpost there 28 years before the Englishmen picked the lock of the mountain ways.

An Indian town perched on an upland of the Cordilleras, at an elevation of about 3,000 feet above the sea, has become the capital of Venezuela. Caracas viewed on a still tropical morning from the public gardens looks a demi-Eden. It is built on a well-watered plain, and giant peaks ring it round with gorges and passes leading to rolling pampas. The double-peaked Silla de Caracas rises to the east nearly to 9,000 feet.

The South American city hemmed in by mountain ranges, reached by arduous windings of mule-road or roadway, is a type of its own. The saga-makers, who babbled of Utgard and Jötunheim, must surely have scaled some such mountain height, and there found a community hidden in the clouds. To see the top of Utgard you had to "strain your neck bending back." Carlyle's terse statement of the old parable of Thor recurs as one watches the mountain peaks dreaming above the city of Caracas.

Through this region runs a main line of earthquake disturbance; in 1812 the city was wrecked, and on this occasion 12,000 persons are said to have perished. A superficial examination of the map of land and water to the north reveals how the physical contours of this region were moulded. The chain of islands starting from the coast of Florida, thence running to the eastern point of South America, is obviously the fringe of an ancient land surface, and the Caribbean Sea occupies the crater of a forgotten volcano—a crater of colossal dimensions. The energy of the forces let loose in its formation must have rivalled those "upsets" which the astronomer, through a glass darkly, now watches in progress on the surface of the sun.

The chain of mountains bounding the northern edge of South America is prolonged under the sea, and, consequently, the sea-bed north of La Guaira drops to abysmal depths—120 miles distant the depth of "salt estranging sea" is, with one exception, the maximum on record. Nevertheless, needle-like pinnacles peer

above its surface, forming the islands of Aves and Los Roques. It is worthy of note that the belt of the Atlantic stretching from this region to the Portuguese coast is the area where the tradition of Atlantis locates a mighty empire, now blotted out and engulfed by a series of strokes of earthquake shock and subsequent subsidence.

The body of Bolivar rests in the cathedral of Caracas; his great battle of liberation was fought on the outskirts of the city, over the site of the present public gardens. When the early morning light lifts the mantle of forgetfulness from the sleeping city and the solemn heights keeping watch and ward about it, the traditions of national wrong and anarchy, of physical disaster, fade away, and the springing day brings upon its healing wings a sense of hope. Surely this fair land has some high destiny in store. Humming birds flit poising from flower to flower. Nature awakes in all sentient things the joy of living. The glamour of the scene is beyond telling, and man, with his petty record of past evil, drops below the horizon of the watcher's thoughts. The majesty of tropic Nature stands revealed.

A. E. CAREY.

The "Fellowship Books"

OF the six new volumes in this two-shilling series published by Messrs. Batsford, the three most important ones are "The Meaning of Life," by Mr. W. L. Courtney; "Poetry," by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch; and "Love," by Mr. Gilbert Cannan. Mr. Courtney's essay, although obviously written with the desire to avoid abstruse discussions of metaphysics and philosophy, is a real contribution to thoughtful literature. He is on the side of those who, believing earnestly in God and in the divine ordering of the universe, yet cannot, for various reasons, find satisfaction in any definite creed. In the nature of things no decision can be arrived at on such problems as death, the existence of evil, and the mystery of pain; nor does Mr. Courtney attempt to force any point of view. He does, however, set two or three aspects of philosophy clearly before his readers, and urges strongly and reverently his final argument against the Monists, his final ground that agrees with the lines of Robert Bridges:

The world is unto God a work of art,
Of which the unaccomplished heavenly plan
Is hid in life within the creature's heart,
And for perfection looketh unto man.

There are so many resemblances between this book and the one on "Poetry" that we might almost suspect the authors of a friendly chat before they began writing. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch discusses the meaning of harmony with respect to life. "A sensible man," he says, "does not aspire to bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades; but he may, and does, aspire to understand something of the universal harmony in which he and they bear a part, if only that he may render it a more perfect obedience." And he treats poetry from

this platform entirely, in an essay that contains a number of original and fertile ideas. The third volume may be bracketed with these; Mr. Cannan's attractive fantasy of love from birth to death is carried out in a logical and illuminating manner, though at times he yields to a page or two of platitude. The other three books, "Nature," by Mr. W. H. Davies; "Flowers," by Mr. J. Foord; and "Trees," by Eleanor Farjeon, are open occasionally to the charges of pettiness and preciousness; but they are not lightly done, and Mr. Davies especially, with his personal and reminiscent note, takes the reader with him all the way. The series is by now well known, and needs no fresh praise as to its general trend and the high ideals which both publisher and author have evidently set before them.

The Magazines

IN the *English Review*, this month, Mr. James Stephens becomes even more oracular than his old man of the tavern in "An Essay on Cubes." His style, however, that so serves the purpose of the type of narrative that he therefore chooses for it, is not so well adapted for oracular utterances intended to be seriously delivered. The drift into perpetual aphorisms tends to get humorous—a tendency to which he deliberately submits himself in his books. We mention this feature of his article because its substance is so good. No one will agree with him in all that he says; that is an evil he carefully avoids. It seems that his suspicion of the intellect very easily becomes a fear of the larger kind of work, the work that is longer and more fully sustained. But in substance there is no doubt that his protest against the intellect, whether in mere observation or in destructive analysis, is all of a piece with a very significant movement in contemporary literature—one which the younger Irish writers are carrying forward. Mr. Stephens' mention of Blake in this respect is noteworthy. It seems that Blake is likely, at this late date, to come into his own. In the same number Mr. Henry Newbolt writes upon "The Poets and their Friends," a protest against the turning aside of poetry from its proper function by those who would seem to be its friends. The imitator, the classicist, the antiquarian, all meet his disapprobation. What he says will seem obvious to most; but Mr. Newbolt has written a dignified article. Mr. Cyril Arthur Pearson writes a plea, under the title of "How it Feels to be Blind," for funds for the National Institute for the Blind. It has a touch of pathos in view of his own recent affliction.

Mr. Edward Legge has missed an exceedingly good opportunity, and incidentally written a strange and puzzling article, in "The Personality of Sir Edward Carson" in the *Fortnightly*. The title is tempting in itself, so good is the opportunity he had; but we read with a quaint mystification in view of the fact that he hardly treats of Sir Edward Carson at all.

He deals with many subsidiary issues, such as the difference between the English and the Irish Bar; and there are one or two personal anecdotes of Sir Edward; but in the major part of the article he gropes around his subject, and leaves us unhappily to do the same. The best contribution in the present number is by Dr. Epstein on "The Jews as an Economic Force." He writes from the Jewish point of view, in protest against Sombart's identification of the Jew with capitalism. As an historical argument there is no doubt that he maintains his thesis; but at the end one is left with the reflection that Dr. Epstein has not touched the modern politico-economic movement against the Jew, that, though he may not be identified with capitalism, capitalism is yet identified with him. Sombart may or may not be wrong in his historical assumptions; but Dr. Epstein, in his argument and counter-argument, leaves alone the greater problem of the Jews as an economic force. Professor Gerthwohl prints his address to the Royal Society of Literature on "The Poetry of Carmen Sylva"; and Mr. Daniel Gorrie publishes several "Letters from Carlyle to a Fellow-Student" that have not hitherto seen the light. The other articles deal with a political situation that had already changed at least twice by the time the magazine was published.

The same may be said for the major part of the contents of the *Nineteenth Century*. Most of the essays read strangely out of date, and renew our wonder that, at times of stress, when the political situation is so subject to rapid change, the magazines do not turn to literary matter. At any time, indeed, this is more sure of welcome, since literature does not stale in interest. For this reason, in spite of the fact that it is anecdotal and purely superficial, one of the most interesting articles in the present number is "Oliver Goldsmith as a Medical Man," by Sir Ernest Clarke. Another acceptable one is by Mrs. Ady, on "Roman Gardens of the Renaissance." M. Jusserand may be trusted to come nearer to the heart of the matter, and in "A French Ambassador's Impressions of England in the Year 1666" he deals with the Count Cominges' "Relations" that students of the Restoration will remember. One of his sentences reads: "Cominges, it may be recalled, had been asked by his king to give him an account of English men of letters." That is a service we might reasonably ask of our leading reviews.

A most important contribution by Lord Dunraven, entitled "The Government's Proposals," appears in this month's *British Review*. He deals with the concessions, and offers unflinching opposition to the principle of exclusion. He shows how it would prove unworkable and impossible in practice, and goes on to say, what is now being clearly seen, that there is no body of Irishmen, orange or green, which has spoken in favour of it, or which is not fiercely opposed to the principle, however, it be worked. Another important article appears in the same magazine by M. Paul Passy on "Les Groupes et Les Tendances Politiques en France"; it explains lucidly and competently much

that is perplexing in contemporary French politics. Save for one poem by Katharine Tynan, the poetry is badly chosen.

The *Quest* has its usual distinctive contents; it seldom produces a number that is not worth reading from cover to cover. That is partly because it concerns itself with things that matter, and is not occupied with subjects that are already stale by the time they are read. This number is no exception. Mr. Edmond Holmes this month writes on "Eucken and the Philosophy of Self-Realisation," and points out the curious fact that nearly all Occidental thought neglects the thought of the East, arrogating in a somewhat fatuous way the title of Civilisation to itself. Much of Eucken's philosophy is based on this misconception. Yone Noguchi, whose recent volume we reviewed in these columns a few weeks ago, has an article on "A Japanese Temple of Silence." Mr. Mead himself, in a profoundly interesting article, deals with some of "The Reincarnationists of Early Christendom." Dr. Walsh writes of "Trespassers on the Mystic Way." Mr. J. Arthur Hill chooses a perennially interesting subject in "The Inspiration of Genius"; and handles it capably. He shows that the ecstasy of genius is not always confined to that noble order of mankind, but extends to the cruder workmen also.

The principal contents of the *Scottish Historical Review* are "The Battle of Bannockburn," by Sir Herbert Maxwell, "The Principals of the University of Glasgow before the Reformation," by Professor J. Cooper, D.D., and a study of "Early University Institutions at St. Andrews and Glasgow," by R. K. Hannay; each of these is full of the result of scholarly research. In the *Empire Review*, C. Stuart-Linton writes upon "The Royal Prerogative"; Lady Jephson has a very interesting paper on "Old French Canada"; and the danger of racial conflicts is emphasised by G. H. Lepper in a rather gloomy article entitled "Man and his Planet." The chief feature of the *Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society*, whose headquarters are at 21a, Alfred Street, Liverpool, is formed by two contributions on "The Heron Pedigree"; and the dialect of the nomad coppersmiths is again discussed.

The *Forum* (March) is an excellent number, very varied and extremely interesting. "Bergson: First Aid to Common Sense," by A. L. Whittaker, is good; A. D. Douglas writes cleverly on "Cats"; F. H. Davis has an essay on Lafcadio Hearn; and there is a long range of fine articles for the philosophic or literary reader. The *Atlantic Monthly* for March is rather heavier than usual, but its items are important and authoritative, and relieved by three well-written stories. The current *Windsor* and *Harper's* keep to their general high level in stories, poems, and illustrations; Sir Oliver Lodge's article, "What is Gravity?" in *Harper's*, makes most fascinating reading. Lastly, *The Champion* for April is a magazine that should delight every boy's heart; it improves with each number, and its stories and articles are in the best of form.

The Blatherskiter

IT is generally believed that, if ever a Redmond-Devlin Parliament meets in Dublin, Mr. Swift MacNeill will be first Speaker of it. Mr. MacNeill has a considerable knowledge of precedents and of constitutional law, and he has, in addition, other qualities which would eminently fit him to preside over a Parliament that is pretty certain to be dominated by his friend and colleague, Mr. Joseph Devlin, the great Panjandrum of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

It has been said of Mr. MacNeill, with excessive politeness, that his heart is always running away with his head, and that he possesses "a warm heart struggling with a hot potato." This last is rather cryptic, but in plain English the member for South Donegal is one of those persons ready to make accusations against his political opponents without bothering whether the accusations have the very slightest justification.

He is connected by blood with Dean Swift, and he has carried on the family tradition for violent invective. Mr. MacNeill, for some reason or the other, is particularly eager to interfere with the affairs of the over-seas portions of the Empire, of which he has no sort of direct knowledge, and he is always ready with abuse of the men serving their country under difficult and trying circumstances. On one occasion these MacNeill charges were described by that very mild young man, Mr. E. S. Montagu, when Under-Secretary for India, as "absurd and offensive," and during the Boer War, Lord Midleton, then Mr. St. John Brodrick, protested vigorously against Mr. MacNeill's policy of "attacks by innuendo."

With delectable taste, he once more than hinted that, during the last Unionist Government, the Admiralty had put two ships of war at Lord Midleton's disposal for his honeymoon, a charming suggestion calculated to raise the wrath of the readers of the *Daily News*. This fiction Lord Midleton was content to describe as "a misconception."

The political swashbuckler with whom we are dealing has had the temerity to refer to "the blunted moral susceptibilities of Tory Ministers," but what can be said of the moral susceptibilities of the man who makes charges which he cannot—or at least shows no burning desire to—substantiate? On March 16, during a debate in the House of Commons, he described the directors of the Chartered Company as a "gang of swindlers," and made wild charges in particular against Sir Starr Jameson; thereupon a letter appeared in the public Press from Mr. D. E. Brodie, the secretary of the Chartered Company, remarking that statements made in the House of Commons are privileged, and conveying an invitation to Mr. MacNeill to repeat his charges outside of the House. The invitation, had it been accepted, would have afforded to Mr. MacNeill the opportunity of substantiating his statements.

The hon. gentleman has not accepted the opportunity. He probably never will do so. He is typical. He will make a very proper Speaker of the Nationalist House of Commons.

The Influence of "The Ship of Fools" upon the Modern Novel

WHEN Sebastian Brant wrote "Das Narrenschiff" and Alexander Barclay prepared an English version under the title "The Shyp of Folys of the Worlde," it is improbable that either realised he was assisting at the creation of a new style of literature which was to form a link between the mediæval homilies, legends, and chronicles, connecting them with the drama and essay, and eventually to lead up to the novel of character.

In German *Fastnachtsspiele*, groups of fools had been repeatedly ridiculed; and even the idea of a ship was no innovation to readers of Brant. But the combination of the two notions—the bringing together of all the different varieties of fools and sending them upon a voyage in a ship, or in several ships—

For yf al these Foles were brought into one Barge
The bote shoulde synke so sore shulde be the charge,

—was an entirely fresh inspiration, and one to be rewarded by instant success.

The "Narrenschiff" of Brant, published at Basel in 1494, so quickly established itself in public favour and created so great a demand that three unauthorised reprints appeared within the same year. A Low-German translation followed about 1497, and in the same year Jacob Locher produced his celebrated Latin version, "Stultifera Navis," which ran through some ten editions by 1515.

Upon Locher's version Barclay's translation was founded, though he professes to have seen also the Dutch and French editions. The French translation, by Pierre Rivière, probably emanated from the same source. Fifteen years elapsed between the appearance of the first German edition and the English metrical version, "translated in the colege of Saynt Mary Otery in the counte of Devonshyre: out of the Latin, Frenche and Doche into Englysshe tonge by Alexander Barclay, Preste," issued from the press of Richard Pynson in London in 1509.

Brant's satire, though ridiculing his contemporaries, is a satire for all time; his fools convey the impression of being contemptible and loathsome, rather than merely foolish; and sins and vices would more correctly describe what he designates "follies." The author's humour seems to have shunned the text in order to display itself with greater zest and drollery in the illustrations. It is impossible to verify the exact amount of Brant's workmanship in connection with the woodcuts; but it is agreed that the majority, if not actually drawn, were at least inspired, by him. The English copies of the illustrations are not so carefully executed as the German originals, but they possess a certain rough character of their own.

"The Ship of Fools" no doubt exercised an influence upon Skelton, which is especially apparent in "The Bowge of Courte," an allegorical picture of the follies and perils of court life. The ship in this instance stands for court favour, the continuance of which is at

the mercy of fortune; and the crew represent the vices which flourish under court patronage.

Here, instead of personified abstractions, are types taken from life, whose characterisation displays a powerful imagination, diffusing an almost dramatic force throughout the whole poem, and making "The Bowge of Courte" a classic satire on court life of the period.

Certainly an outcome of Barclay's translation was that curious satirical poem, by an unknown author, "Cocke Lorell's Bote," printed by Wynkyn de Worde about 1510. The book is a unique little quarto printed in black letter, and the copy in the British Museum is the only one extant, and even this is imperfect. The four illustrations are obviously copied from "The Ship of Fools," but the one portraying the ship, or "bote," filled with its crew of fools, contains sufficient originality and increase of detail to make it interesting on its own account. A touch of character and humour is given to the faces and actions of the crew; and the ship is treated with more elaboration and care than are usual in English-designed woodcuts of this date.

In selecting the hero of his tale the author has chosen a well-known character, a certain Cocke Lorell, who appears to have been a notorious vagabond and the head of a gang of thieves which infested London and its vicinity at the time. The poem is a burlesque rhapsody on the middle classes:

Parys plasterers daubers and lyme boners
Carpenters coupers and joyners
Pype makers wode mongers and organ makers
Cofers corde makers and carvers

who are summoned together and sent on board a ship which sails through England under the captaincy of Cocke Lorell.

It has already been shown that Brant and Barclay substituted the type for the abstraction; and on this the "bote" makes a further advance. The crew appear no longer merely types, but are become individualised. There is no elaborate working out of personality; it is broadly indicated by a few suggested traits, as in the case of a woman passenger:

She is as softe as a lamme if one do her meve,
And lyke to ye devyll wan a man dothe her greve,

a description so true and life-like that one easily recognises her parallel in the twentieth century.

Localised upon the Thames, the "bote," in the writings of Awdeley, Greene and Nashe, appears to have become a London institution. Nashe, in "Summer's Last Will and Testament," causes his hero to remark: "If I had thought the ship of fooles would have stayed to take in fresh water at the Ile of dogges, I would have furnisht it with a whole kennell of collections to the purpose." In Greene's "Friar Bacon" the "ship" sails from Oxford to "the Bankeside in Southwarke"—

Like Bartlets (Barclay's) ship from Oxford doe skip,
With Colledges and Schooles, full loaden with fools.

A celebrated London institution to be locally design-

nated a "ship of fools" was the cart carrying the condemned criminals on their "voyage" from Newgate to Tyburn:

Then some at Newgate doo take ship,
Sailing ful fast up Holborne Hill;
And at Tiborn their anckers picke,
Full sore indeed against theyr wil,

which supplied a subject for the exercise of the jester's wit for many years.

From this period the actual "ship" vanished from the literary horizon, but its influence still remained. An important link connecting it with the modern novel was "A Nest of Ninnies," written by Robert Armin, an actor attached to Shakespeare's company of players, and published in 1608. This work takes another step forward in the course of imaginative writing, as it is the first instance of the wedding of the two literary *genres*: the satirical character and the jesting anecdote. As in the case of its forerunner, "Cocke Lorell's Bote," there is only one original copy extant, this being in the Bodleian Library.

A striking modern example of the summoning together of different characters into a common habitat in order to treat them in one heterogeneous crowd is instanced in Zola's "L'Assommoir"; and to an even greater extent in his "Pot-Bouille." The block of workmen's dwellings, opening on a common courtyard, in the rue de la Goutte d'Or, in which dwell Gervaise, Coupeau, the Lorilleux, Bazouge, the Boches, and other important characters of the "Assommoir," forms a huge shell which covers nearly every type of the working population of Paris.

And in "Pot-Bouille," under the roof of the great *appartement* house in the rue de Choiseul, are collected the various middle-class families who practically people the book: the matchmaking mother, living beyond her means and lying as to her daughter's dowry in order to bring about her marriage; the "widow"; the *ménage à trois*; and the overworked servants who abuse their mistresses from the back windows.

These creations of Zola, if stripped of their veneer of nineteenth-century civilisation, might well have formed the crew for a "ship of fools" of a Brant or a Barclay.

GEORGE A. BROWN.

NEXT WEEK will appear in

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The Theatre

"Pygmalion" at His Majesty's Theatre

THE abounding courage and engaging versatility of Sir Herbert Tree are among the main glories of the English stage at the present moment.

The actor, manager, producer, man of affairs, *flâneur*, artist, and wit requires every iota of his many gifts in "Pygmalion," and he uses them. Greatly as we have always appreciated the intellectuality of the late Sir Henry Irving and the present Sir Herbert Tree, we never enjoyed their art so fully as during those few moments when they came alone before the curtain. We mean when, after that which we have thought a rather boisterous and doubtful reception of an immense effort, they have come boldly to the front and with infinite politeness thanked their vast audiences for the overwhelming welcome given to a play whose future seemed to our poor purblind eyes still hanging vaguely in the balance of fortune.

What delightful, intimate, subtle pieces of art are these few words! Everyone remembers that the author of "Pygmalion" made one of the greatest hits of this sort when on the stormy reception of "Arms and the Man" he said that he agreed with the gentleman in the gallery who did not think well of the play, but what were these two against a whole theatre full of enthusiastic admirers? The real point of Mr. Shaw's happy phrase was only observed by the people who happened to be in the Avenue Theatre that night, the fact being that very many persons "booed" the play, not just one in the gallery. Since those distant days, when Mr. Shaw was quite as clever as he is now, he has invented a thousand means of advertisement. On the present occasion the public was freakishly warned, not for the first time, against any applause or laughter until the curtain went down. And thus Sir Herbert was enabled to say that, owing to this suggestion of the author having been so utterly neglected, that gentleman had left His Majesty's—no doubt greatly hurt in spirit. As a matter of fact, there is such a vast quantity of strangely different ideas and subjects crowded into this long five-act romance that many an incident or conversation proves quite dull. Had Mr. Shaw been in the neighbourhood of our stall, during the last two acts, he might have been greatly refreshed by the quiet yawns of a considerable number of our celebrated neighbours.

For ourselves, the whole far-flung comedy is a lasting pleasure. Its mistakes as well as its many overpoweringly clever scenes and situations delight us. And there is mystery in the play. As often before, Mr. Shaw does not tell too much. He seems to say: "Here are vague hints and happy inspirations of mine, characters which I hope will hold together and stimulate the artists who undertake to present them, wit which I trust will seem welcome and clever to you; but if these little

affairs go wrong, you know what life is, we cannot always be happy and effective, we will try again some day; the world is before us." This charming lightness inspires many a loosely-knit scene and many an idea half suggested and then allowed to pass from the mind of the audience. Such matters are all of the least possible importance; for Mr. Shaw gives us a newly conceived Pygmalion in the Professor Higgins of Sir Herbert Tree, and a gorgeously fresh Galatea in the Lisson Grove cockney flower-girl of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. We are afraid you already know the story of the professor's experiment. He and his quickly made friend, Colonel Pickering—Mr. Philip Merivale—set about transforming Eliza Doolittle from an unusually stupid and beautiful girl of the gutter into something that will pass for a duchess—it would seem at Court, but this idea is wisely left in an amorphous state.

It is the strange happenings *en route* from flower-girl to lady of society, from an indifferentist to a person who, perhaps, loves, that the fun takes place. The gradual growth of 'Liza's style, mind, manner, and so forth during the months she spends at the Phonetic Laboratory in Wimpole Street, under the constant care of Pickering, a charming soldier and student, Higgins, the cocksure, blustering, thoughtless enthusiast, and especially, we think, beneath the wing of Mrs. Pearce—Miss Geraldine Olliffe—the most admirable housekeeper we have ever met on or off the stage, these are the adventures which will especially engage the interest of the playgoer. For Mrs. Campbell never utters a false note, never shows the slightest failure to grip the character of 'Liza and make clear to the audience the gradual mental growth of a woman placed in a position of extraordinary difficulty.

Of the two most telling scenes in the play, one is slightly irrelevant, the other completely vital. The first is the appearance of the dustman, Alfred Doolittle, made glorious by Mr. Edmund Gurney. He does not care for his daughter, who has long left him and his sixth—temporary—wife, but he wants a bit out of the job, and he longs to tell us some amusing views—presumably suggested by Mr. Shaw—about the undeserving poor to which class he belongs, and the fairly well-to-do middle class to which he sadly sinks before the end of the play. On the very simple ground that the dustman is a constant entertainment, he is an integrant; that he delights us is enough; we do not care in the least whether he be an example of type or a fellow of the lightest fancy. Thus it will be noted that every part we have mentioned is played with exquisite skill. It may seem a little lacking in new views to say so, but all the parts we have not mentioned are equally well played. And thus Mr. Shaw's clever, overcrowded, elusive play is given a splendid chance.

Whether "Pygmalion" will be popular or not can hardly be in doubt. The cast is so excellent, the players are so much admired, and Mr. Shaw is on the very crest of his wave of fame. And then there is the vital scene in which 'Liza appears at the graceful home of the professor's mother, and surprises the

people of Earl's Court and other elegant districts. 'Liza has a quick ear, and much of her early stupidity has passed from her. She now speaks almost after the manner of the ordinary lady of quiet society, but only in tone; her thoughts and words are the thoughts and words of the flower-girl who suspects that her aunt "has been done in," and "done in by them as wanted the hat which she, 'Liza, should have had." The conversation with Mrs. Eynsford-Hill—Miss Carlotta Addison—and Miss Hill—Miss Bussé—is rich in broad comedy. The use of an extremely usual swear-word when she is asked if she will walk across the Park, and says, "Not — likely," as she has a taxi, is quite in her character. Kipling and a few other writers have used the word in print, we believe; it is certainly effective in its particular place in this play, but we overhear it so frequently as we pass on the way to the theatre that we hope it will not become general inside. It is doubtless as harmless as the speaking of a social sportsman as a "blood," or the consanguineous relation of a famous horse as his "blood-aunt," but there are people who do not like it. Personally it seems to us only of importance in that it expresses a certain state in the social evolution of 'Liza Doolittle—but it has other uses. For instance, it has been a great deal talked about, and will swell the flowing tide of audiences towards His Majesty's!

EGAN MEW.

Indian Reviews

THE *Wednesday Review* (Trichinopoly) from January 28 to March 4 contains no very remarkable views on public affairs in India, but expresses plenty of dissatisfaction with men and matters. There is evidence of a growing interest in rural sanitation and of a greater humane regard for the depressed classes. An Indian has carried a Bill in the Legislative Council, dealing with Hindu bequests, evidently with the concurrence of the Government. The notices of the Indian question in South Africa are hardly worth mentioning, as the Commission of Inquiry has submitted its report. The same consideration applies to the editor's amateur views on the Indian currency question; they are of little value in comparison with the report of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's Committee. The idea of a new High Court for India, to be established permanently at Delhi, meets with little approval, and rightly so. The Delhi scheme will cost too many millions, even without this addition. An application of the principle of co-operation to the financing of agriculture as well as to commerce and industry is advocated, but no practical measures are suggested.

The mismanagement of religious endowments in India is again reproduced as a constant source of complaint. Hitherto the Government have, on the simple and sensible ground of religious neutrality, declined to interfere. Lately a Committee has been appointed to reconsider the policy. The Government, in aiming

at popularity, may easily find themselves in a dilemma. Either they will be helping to bolster up religions, with which they should have no sympathy or concern, or they will cause disappointment by giving inadequate support. They would have been wiser to leave the subject entirely untouched. The trap of disaster has been set for the Government with the bait of popularity, disguised as improved administration, and they have walked into it, heedless of the danger incurred. A native editor, quoted, has some valuable remarks on the shortcomings of the Indian Press; he says rightly that it must improve considerably before it can fulfil its purpose and execute its task. The repeal of the Press Act is again urged—because it has proved effective. Another Congress deputation to England is "to educate British public opinion on some of the more important Indian problems." The deputation has an uphill task before it: English politics are much too exciting for the recapitulation of stale alleged grievances and aspirations to obtain much hearing. The Government having on several occasions declined to lay papers on the table which were asked for, the refusal is criticised captiously. Papers are often refused by all Governments.

The *Collegian and Progress of India* (Calcutta) of January 31 and February 23 republish some good papers, but are hardly as full of general interest as usual. A diminution in the number of students in agricultural education in the United Provinces is regrettable in a country so dependent on agriculture as India. The idea of an Indian school in Calcutta to be run on English public school lines deserves all encouragement. The scheme of the proposed Hindu University at Benares has not yet been determined, but its site has been selected; it is to be open to students of every creed and every class, with a conscience clause as to attendance at religious lectures. Physical culture in schools is receiving attention from the Bombay Government; the same difficulty has appeared, as elsewhere, in the dullness and monotony of the systems adopted. The Bombay University has had some valuable suggestions for reform from Sir Alfred Hopkinson, its special adviser. The Indian Science Congress at Calcutta furnished many interesting papers, but

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none of capital importance. It somewhat overshadowed the centenary of the Indian Museum.

"Psychology in the Schoolroom" is said to present some problems for teachers and students. Surely the latter might spend their time more profitably. The "Zoological Lore of the Hindus" contains a quantity of curious information. Indian literature is apparently full of references to the fauna, which were by no means overlooked or despised; they were conspicuous in Indian mythology, folklore, superstition, and worship. A paper on University research shows that original work by Indians has commenced and has a wide field open to it. The leading Indian scientist, Dr. Jagadish Bose, has been invited to deliver lectures at Oxford and Cambridge, and a discourse to the Royal Society. One who has lectured on "Death Spasms in Plants" should be induced to make his scientific discoveries generally useful.

The *Hindustan Review* (Allahabad) for January and February has many excellent articles. A Bengali Brahman writes that he is firmly convinced that caste will disappear from India; caste restrictions have been considerably relaxed in certain directions; he sees no reason to fear that Hinduism would, but for the caste system, be effaced from the globe; he anticipates that all the castes will be fused into one all-embracing caste, synonymous with the nation itself. It is an interesting speculation, not very convincing. Hinduism without caste is hardly conceivable. The "Data of Ancient Indian Zoology" has been mentioned already. Antiquity and importance are claimed for veterinary science in the scientific literature of the Hindus. It is the fashion nowadays for Hindu writers to claim universal knowledge for ancient India. The want of continuity is ignored and not accounted for. The papers on Japan, revolutionary France, phonetics, Burke, are good enough as exercises in writing, and may interest some readers; but articles dealing with Indian subjects by Indian writers should be far more valuable. "Political Crimes in India" is disappointing, consisting chiefly of adulation of Lord Hardinge.

"A Chapter in Indian Economic History" affords a text for the old charge that "the sources of national wealth have been narrowed under British rule," based on the old and exposed falsehoods about "the famous economic drain and the system of land-revenue administration." The writer says he does not presume to offer any advice; it would hardly have been accepted had he had nothing better to say. A plea for the metric system for India—by reforming Indian weights and measures—is not likely to receive much attention in these days of Indian unrest and political agitation. Mr. Havell's book on Indian architecture is reviewed with appreciation, and naturally so, as he is fighting single-handed the battle of indigenous Indian art and artists. The notice of the last census report is distinctly good, and the "National Week in India" summarises clearly the Congress proceedings of the year. These two numbers well maintain the high standard of this monthly journal.

Literary Competition

SIXTH WEEK.

DURING the thirteen weeks from March 14 to June 6 THE ACADEMY will print each week a passage from some more or less well-known author whose work is generally easily accessible either on the bookshelves at home or in the popular libraries published to-day—such libraries as Dent's Everyman's or Macmillan's Eversley Series or the Popular Editions of Standard Works issued by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, or a series such as Jack's Popular Books. Perhaps here and there an excerpt may be taken from a volume not quite so readily to hand, but for the most part the source will be wholly popular, if classic. All we promise is that nothing will appear which cannot be traced by inquiry among reading friends or a little research such as delights the true book-lover.

Thirteen quotations will appear, and to those of our readers who send in the most correct list of names of authors and titles of works, and the two next best lists, we offer a First Prize of £5, a Second Prize of £3, and a Third Prize of £2.

All competitors have to do is to fill in the Coupon given below, and after the completion of the series forward the thirteen Coupons to the Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. Results must reach us by first post on June 15, and the awards will be announced, we hope, in our issue of June 20, or, at the latest, of June 27.

It must be understood that the Editor's decision is final, and that he claims the right, in the event of a tie, to divide the prizes as he thinks proper.

QUOTATION VI.

England with all thy faults I love thee still—

Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime and travel where we might
That we were born her children. Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
The hope of such hereafter! They have fallen
Each in his field of glory: one in arms,
And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap
Of smiling Victory that moment won,
And Chatham heart-sick of his country's shame!
They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still
Consulting England's happiness at home,
Secured it by an unforgiving frown,
If any wronged her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow whom all loved.
Those suns are set. O rise some other such!
Or all that we have left is empty talk
Of old achievements, and despair of new.

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Coupon 6, April 18, 1914.

... Copies of previous issues may be obtained by new readers desirous of taking part in the Competition.

Notes and News

A meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society will be held at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George Street, Westminster, on Wednesday, April 22, at 7.30 p.m., when papers will be read on "The Report on the Phenological Observations for 1913," by J. E. Clark, B.Sc., and R. H. Hooker, M.A., and "A Small Anemometer for Tropical Use," by A. J. Bamford, B.Sc., F.R.A.S.

On April 24 Mr. Kenelm Foss, of the Little Theatre, will produce a new modern comedy in four acts, "Account Rendered," by Robert Elson, preceded by "Dusk," by Robert Vansittart. This is Mr. Elson's first play to be produced in the West-end, and contains a strikingly original situation. Mr. Vansittart is the author of "Cap and Bells" and "People Like Ourselves." These two plays will provide Mr. Foss full scope; in "Account Rendered" he proposes to introduce an original method of producing a modern comedy.

The Board of Education announce that a loan exhibition of Indian paintings has been arranged in the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum (Lower Gallery, Room 4). The exhibition consists of more than 200 characteristic works of the New Calcutta School, generously lent by the Indian Society of Oriental Art, Calcutta, together with examples by artists of the same school lent by Mr. Havell and Dr. Coomaraswamy. In addition, her Majesty Queen Mary has been graciously pleased to lend an important example of the work of Abanindro Nath Tagore, for some time Principal of the Calcutta School of Art and one of the leaders in the movement.

In the *Vossische Zeitung* (Independent Liberal) for April 4 Herr Jakob Frank publishes a very able and thoughtful article on "England Misunderstood," in which, with special reference to the present Ulster question and the attitude taken up by the officers, he warns his countrymen not to judge these occurrences on the basis of their own Constitution. In a brief but lucid exposition he explains the vital differences between the two Constitutions, and tries to impart to his readers a better understanding and appreciation of the present situation in Great Britain. He refers at length to the history of the great Reform Bill and the ensuing struggles during the years 1831 and 1832, which explain the peculiar characteristics of British policy and of the British character and materially help towards a better understanding of occurrences which to the average German mind may seem unintelligible.

A replica of Bristol Castle will be among the interesting features of the Bristol International Exhibition, which opens on May 28. The design of the Castle is entirely unknown to the people of to-day, as it was razed to the ground in the seventeenth century by order of Oliver Cromwell. The architects of the Exhibition have, however, after research in our National Museums and the Record Office, been enabled to "reconstruct" the building, and it will be devoted

to the accommodation of a loan collection of relics of the Navy and Army. A special London Committee for securing this collection has been formed, of which Sir George Frampton, R.A., Mr. William Hole, R.S.A., Mr. Guy Laking, M.V.O., and Mr. A. G. Temple, F.S.A., are members, and Mr. C. R. Chisman and Mr. F. A. Kincaid-Fergusson are joint secretaries. The committee have already been successful in securing many objects of remarkable interest, and we are asked to invite our readers who may be in possession of objects associated with the personnel of the Navy and Army, past and present, and who are willing to contribute them towards the collection, if they will kindly communicate with any of these gentlemen. The committee meets at 61, Craven House, Kingsway, W.C.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE NEW RUSSIA

IT is a singular circumstance that, in viewing each other's lives and activities, nations, like individuals, are prone to indulge in exaggeration. Either they go to extremes in admiration or in hostility. The flattery that has been bestowed upon Japan is a case in point. Russia, however, presents an even more remarkable example. A few years ago she was looked upon in this country as an enemy, whose ways were dark and evil. Yet to-day she is regarded with appreciative wonderment. It is perfectly true that men are divided in their opinion as to the ultimate future of Russia; but they are unanimous in their recognition of the forces of progress that are sweeping over the Empire from end to end. Not a few think that they detect a Slav Peril, more to be feared than any spectre of a Yellow Peril. Starting from this basis of thought, they argue that Russia should be feared, not befriended. Others, among whom are many writers with a partiality for picturesque description, plunge into elaborate analysis of the unfamiliar Slav character, either arguing that it is the depths and intricacies of this character that is alone responsible for the wealth and quality of Russian art, or, alternately, that the Russian character, because of its amiability and irresponsibility, is incapable of national assertion of any kind.

The opinions of visitors returning from Russia are thus presented in a bewildering mass. But, as we have said, none ever neglects to take account of the onward and upward movement that is everywhere visible throughout the vast Empire. The judgment of strangers who dwell in a country but for a short time is necessarily superficial. This rule certainly applies to Russia more than to any other land, not only for the reasons which, generally speaking, establish its truth, but because of conditions that are to be found in Russia and nowhere else. Those students who seek to throw light upon Russia's destiny by describing

the results of their analysis of the Russian character are certainly proceeding along right lines. Nevertheless, in many instances they expose themselves to criticism as to their competence. At least we may be sure of common agreement on this point, that no more fascinating study offers itself than that of the psychology of the Russian masses. These Russian masses, let it be emphasised, are composed of a population of one hundred and seventy millions, which is increasing so rapidly that within the present generation it is expected to equal the population of China. Of that enormous total eight-six per cent. are peasants rooted to the soil, and for the most part can neither read nor write. It is in the possession of this great mass of illiterate men and women that both the strength and weakness of modern Russia lie. The peasantry provide Russia with her army, which, on a war footing, totals four million men. They know little and care less about the ways of the bureaucracy. To till the soil that they may subsist is naturally their one obsession in life. Their devotion to the Tsar, whom they affectionately term the Little Father, and to whose beneficent influence they attribute their well-being, may inspire an extreme loyalist with admiration, but to anyone acquainted with Russian conditions it is pathetic in its unintelligence.

The great majority of the Russian peasants live in districts far from the railway. Save the almost childish amusements of simple life under communal laws and customs, nothing approaching positive happiness ever enters into their existence. Is it little wonder, then, that the vodka habit, with all its attendant vices, has flourished among them? In summer they leave their homes to toil by day and sleep by night in the fields. In the winter, when the hours of daylight are few and all is sombre, the rigours of the climate keep them indoors. Herded together, rarely if ever changing their garments, they dwell amid surroundings impregnated with filth. Nevertheless, they are deeply attached to their homes and to their country. An almost stoical patience may be said to be their outstanding virtue. If good fortune comes their way, they attribute it meekly to the will of God; and if they are stricken with famine or disease, they exhibit a patience which almost amounts to fatalism such as has no parallel in the conduct of any Western people. In their dealings with strangers they are quite as suspicious as would be any native of darkest Africa. Yet one is conscious that this mistrust is accompanied by a *naïveté* which renders it comprehensible and therefore unobjectionable. With all their faults, and whatever these may be they are the outcome of environment, there are to be found nowhere in the world more virile specimens of the human race than those which the Russian peasantry produces. For the most part, their defects are the defects of simplicity, and therefore capable of correction. Taken as a whole, they are quick-witted, intelligent, and warm-hearted. Endowed with imposing physique, inured to hardship of the severest kind, and possessing in the rugged sense the qualities of loyalty and courage, they are indeed well

fitted to serve as the bulwark of the West against the East.

It must be confessed that these reflections will not immediately strike the stranger who finds himself in a Russian village for the first time. The dirt and the squalor that meet his eyes will probably cause him to despair for the future of the peasantry. When, moreover, he observes that they are given over to lazy and vicious habits, and that in their dealings with the outside world they are prone to craftiness, he will incline more than ever to his original judgment. But should he make up his mind suddenly, then he will be in error, for in spite of his odd habits the Russian peasant possesses qualities which are capable of illimitable development. In this connection it must be remembered that not so very long ago Russia celebrated the jubilee of the emancipation of the serfs. Her masses are as yet unaccustomed to the idea of individual liberty. In any event, fifty years is altogether too short a period in which a people newly released from chains, so to speak, may acquire the gait and bearing of free men. But in reality the Russian peasantry were merely relieved of one form of serfdom to become the victims of another. For the communal system which governs their lives and interests has sapped any sense of self-reliance that should have been awakened, and has afforded facilities under which the weaker units may lean upon the stronger. When, furthermore, we reflect that cast over the whole land is the blight of a bureaucracy, we may well realise the truth of the assertion that the moujik is the creature of his environment. The backwardness of the Russian peasant constitutes the backwardness of Russia. Were we so disposed we could extend the period of our research to the times of the Mongol invasion, thus throwing historical light upon present conditions. In those remote days, isolated from Europe, and subjected to conquerors from the East, the Russians acquired characteristics which they have retained in a diminishing degree to this very day. Some of these characteristics were contracted direct from their overlords; others were due to the state of submission in which they found themselves. Consequently we are able to understand how it is that Russian psychology is puzzling to the observer. Invariably taking refuge in his own ignorance, he endeavours to explain the confusion created in his mind by the general statement that the Russian is semi-Asiatic, and invariably he mutters something suggestive of scratching the surface to find a Tartar.

Now, to a large extent the lessons of experience are on the side of superficiality of this kind. The hospitality of the Russians is Oriental in its lavishness; the art of Russia bears the impress of Oriental influences; while Russian architecture, which decides the appearance of Russia itself, is Oriental in the grandeur of its design and the richness of its colour. Finally, the Russian people, and here we include the cultured classes, have many attributes such as are to be found highly developed in Oriental lands. In personal tastes they are fond of extremes. Either they are spartan in

their simplicity or princely in their extravagance. In diplomatic and business negotiations they are subtle and tortuous, and exhibit a preference for a bargain over a banquet rather than across a counter. At times their faith in men is almost childlike; at others they are so suspicious as to be unbearable.

In any attempt to estimate the forces now at work in Russia we should not forget that by the very nature of things we can only observe a small proportion of the Russian people. The masses who do not come in contact with European conditions are composed of peasantry which may be said to be an unknown quantity. What developments both in character and action education may accomplish out of this inexhaustible material it is almost impossible for the mind of man to conceive. Many Russians themselves hold firmly to the belief that the hope of their country reposes solely in this peasantry, and we are inclined to agree with such view.

Shorter Notices

IT looks as though the word "crimson" will soon become associated only with murders, and poets will no longer sing of "crimson-tipped" flowers. We can recall a series of articles entitled "Crimson Crimes" which a Sunday paper provided some years ago for reading on the day of rest, and a ghastly relaxation they were. It was only the other day that THE ACADEMY noticed Mr. Headon Hill's "The Crimson Honeymoon," and now comes Mr. Charles E. Pearce with "The Crimson Mascot." This experienced author, the same as Mr. Hill, at once opens the ball with the murder which is to supply the mystery of the story, and a very good mystery it is, too, with, as chief motif, a malady peculiar to the East. It is long before the reader will suspect who committed the crime—indeed, the culprit is practically unconscious of having done it—and the interest of the story never flags for a moment.

The writer who, under the pseudonym of S. G. Tallentyre, has given us those brilliant biographies of Voltaire and Mirabeau, is now paying attention to a later period, the first decade of the reign of Victoria the Good. "Early Victorian: A Village Chronicle," was a charming picture of a bygone day with the healthy simplicity of the rustic life which the call of the throbbing factory and the smoke-begrimed town have since done so much to destroy. "Matthew Hargraves" chronicles the career of a typical "John Bull," who was "something in the City," the business man whom Thackeray and Trollope have so graphically described. The story is a welcome addition to the domestic literature of those days, for, with the light touch of an artist, it vividly depicts the social life in this England of ours when men had a stricter sense of honour and hit straight without gloves.

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THE City came back from its holidays inclined to business, but it is doubtful whether the public are of the same mind. However, dealers in the Oil section had a little gamble all to themselves, and this gave a feeling of confidence throughout the whole House. Whether this will last is another matter. The news from Mexico is bad. It is the fashion in England and also on the Continent to look upon the Yankee as a man devoted to business and with an extraordinary capacity for making money. This is only half true. The Yankee makes money because he cannot help it. He lives in the richest country in the world and he lives on its wealth. He puts a spade into the ground and crops sprout up. He puts a pick into the earth and gets out every kind of metal. Nature makes the Yankee rich. I have been to the United States many times, and I have always come away with the impression that the American is a sentimental, highly nervous person without any real backbone or solidity of character. He is always talking about hustling, but an Englishman does more work in an hour than the American does in six hours, and does it without saying a word, whereas the Yankee is always saying how busy he is and how little time he has for anything except money making. This is not a proof that he knows how to make money, but evidence that he finds money making a great strain upon him. We have got an instance of the sentimentality of the Yankee in this Mexican business. For the past two years it has been plain to those who know Mexico that intervention by the United States was inevitable. It has also been plain that the sooner such intervention came about the easier would be the task of the United States Government. There was a time when, by supporting Felix Diaz, Mexico might have been pacified and a stable government under the ægis of the United States established. But Washington was very badly advised. The chance was not taken, and to-day the conquest of Mexico will be necessary if the vast sums of American capital that have been invested in the country are to be saved. All the best informed people consider that it will take the United States three years to conquer the country, and will cost between two and three hundred millions. How, therefore, can one call the Yankee a man of business? He has refused the business way of settling the dispute, and is now going to war over a silly sentimentality. One or two new issues will make their appearance during the present week. The City of Montreal stepped in first and offered a $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan at par. As Montreal is a very wealthy city, with an income of over two and a half millions sterling a year and a population of 600,000, its credit is gilt-edged, and it will get all the money it needs without the smallest difficulty.

MONEY.—Gold continues to be taken by Russia. The Imperial Bank at St. Petersburg actually bid 77/9 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the £400,000 of gold offered this week. Not only did she bid $\frac{1}{2}$ over the price offered by Paris, but she also agreed to pay expenses. No one can understand why Russia should be building up such an enormous reserve. I have on many occasions pointed out that her gold supply is increasing at a very rapid rate. For example, on March 29 she held £184,600,000 of gold and silver. The amount of silver held is, however, very unimportant. In 1912 her total stock was only £155,581,000, so that the

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gold has increased nearly thirty millions. If the money comes back from the country our own bank will have no difficulty in maintaining the 3 per cent. rate. We need not expect dear money, but I am afraid that any chance of a reduction to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is out of the question for the moment.

FOREIGNERS.—The news from both China and Japan is bad. Nevertheless, Chinese and Japanese have been marked up. This is the usual method adopted by the Stock Exchange when it wants to unload. However, in spite of the disagreeable increase in the disturbances in China, I believe that Yuan Shi Kai will succeed in establishing peace. There has been good buying for the past three or four weeks of Egyptian Unified, mainly on account of Cairo and Alexandria. Some little time back they were quoted at 96, and they are now 101. Tintos are weak again, as it is believed that the Copper rig is coming to an untimely end.

HOME RAILS.—The Home Railway market has not moved yet, but the fine Easter will probably have a good effect, as all the figures that have been sent in as yet show excellent results. I have not changed my opinion about the desirability of purchasing all the heavy lines, and I urge people to do this whilst they have the chance.

YANKEES.—Everything looks black in the American market. The Inter-State Commerce Commission seems determined to do the worst it can with the railways. The Iron and Steel trade is bad, and there is now some talk of the dividend on Steel common being cut. Rockefeller have refused to carry through the deal which was to have saved the Missouri Pacific, and most of the Gould lines seem in a very bad way. Wabash is to be charged with a 20-dollar assessment, and Denver is quite unlikely to be able to meet the interest on the guaranteed bonds. The whole American market is extremely depressed, and the Yankees therefore sold Canadas for all they were worth.

RUBBER.—Dozens of reports have come out during the week. Highlands and Lowlands find themselves compelled not only to reduce the dividend, but also to take up Ayer Kuning. This will be a very bad business. Anglo-Malay figures are fairly good, but the price seems quite high enough. It looks as though we had seen the top of the rise in Rubber, and within the next few weeks I expect a reduction in the price of the raw material.

OIL.—The market in Oil shares has been booming. All the small gamblers have been rushing to buy Egyptian Oil shares. Suez and Eastern Petroleums, which were at rubbish prices, are now in keen demand. It is said that No. 13 well on the Red Sea plot is spouting 2,000 tons a day, but owing to the strong wind, most of this oil is lost. Roumanian Consolidated has also struck oil, but I think this company over-capitalised, and holders should

take advantage of the rise to get out. Spies hangs fire. The insiders are evidently unloading.

MINES.—There is a sort of attempt being made to put up Kaffirs. The reports that come out are not brilliant, but they are sufficiently good to create confidence. The Crown Mines figures are all right, and Modder B shows up well. Modder Deep looks like a reasonable speculation, as the mill should be running at the end of this year. But the life is not more than twenty years. Mount Elliotts scheme for a new company was not liked. Copper shares have been sold, and Tin shares are now weak again. Russo-Asiatic have touched the record figure of 9½, and Russian Mining have also recovered part of the heavy fall. Very much depends upon whether the St. Petersburg gamblers come in and support this market. Russo-Asiatics are run by a strong crowd, who have plenty of money and a thorough knowledge of mining. Russian mining is run by the Hirsch crowd, who are more gamblers than mining people. Both properties have great intrinsic merits, but both will require very large sums spending upon them, and neither can hope to produce for at least two years. These long shots are therefore dangerous.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the Miscellaneous market there is very little business doing. Electric Light shares keep hard in spite of the fact that it has been officially announced that the combine arranged by the Braithwaite division will not go through. Mr. Merz, the engineer to the London County Council, is now preparing a scheme on his own account, and it is quite probable that the Fladgate division will join hands with the City of London and London and County and accept the terms offered by Mr. Merz. Therefore, I advise people to hold on to their shares. Bell's United Asbestos report is excellent. The Nitrate Railway's figures show a record, and the securities of this road are admirable.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

PREMATURE BURIAL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—With reference to Mr. Darnley Clifton's letter in last week's ACADEMY, and having regard to the admitted dangers of interment alive in these islands, may I give some brief details of the system adopted for very many years in Munich and other Continental cities for the prevention of these terrible tragedies. The German system is best seen at Munich. This city is divided into twenty-one burial districts, in each of which there is an inspector of the dead, with an alternate, besides the woman (called *leichenfrau*) who attends to the body and arranges the funeral appointments. She is qualified by a technical examination. The attendant physician is always present at the death crisis. He gives his verdict of death, but the law does not trust his unsupported opinion, however eminent he may be. The inspector comes, and in the meantime nothing about the body must be touched by anyone. He draws up his certificate, which covers every possible point in the case, and this is countersigned by the attendant physician. Delay and efforts at resuscitation may be employed at this stage, if the inspector sees fit. Ordinarily, he allows from two to twelve hours' delay in the residence for ceremonies, etc., when the body must be removed to the waiting mortuary, where it remains for seventy-two hours or longer under medical observation. Then the mortuary physician gives his certificate, if all

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goes without incident, and the interment takes place in the adjoining cemetery. Thus it is seen that there are, with the *leichenfrau*, four independent expert inspectors. All are on the *qui vive* in carrying out the system, which is popular and is understood by all classes.

The Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial advocates the establishment of waiting mortuaries, similar to those in Germany, in every sanitary district throughout the United Kingdom, where the supposed dead can be kept under expert medical care and observation until resuscitation takes place, or putrefactive decomposition (the only really reliable proof of death) sets in. I am, sir, yours respectfully,

W. M.

London, N., April 11, 1914.

ENGLAND FOR THE ENGLISH.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In what respect is Mr. Garvin, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, more of an outsider than the Jews, Scots, Welshmen, and Irishmen who own or edit the other metropolitan dailies which pose as Tory organs? Garvin's loyalty to country, and party, is not less to be trusted than that of the Harmsworths and their editors. Have the *Daily News* and *Reynolds'* boomed, puffed, and advertised Messrs. Churchill, Lloyd George, Samuel, and Co. more than the Harmsworth Press has done? The Tory, English and National Party will not be returned to power with a substantial majority until London has been provided with a daily journal which is owned by Englishmen, and edited and written by Englishmen, in the interests of Englishmen, and without regard to the racial and national susceptibilities of Jewish and American advertisement patrons. Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH BANISTER,

18, Winchester Road, Hampstead, N.W.

April 6, 1914.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- The Works of Man.* By Lisle March Phillipps. Illustrated. (Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)
Ecuador: Its Ancient and Modern History. By C. Reginald Enock, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
St. Margaret's Westminster, The Church of the House of Commons. By H. F. Westlake, M.A. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Pittura Scultura Futuriste.* By Umberto Boccioni. Illustrated. ("Poesia," Milan. 4 lire.)
My Friend is Dead. By Emery Pottle. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 3s. 6d. net.)
Dramatic Actualities. By W. L. George. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. net.)
Shakespeare Personally. By the late Professor Masson. Edited and Arranged by Rosaline Masson. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)
Tiger. By Witter Bynner. (D. J. Rider.)
The Highway to Happiness. By Richard Le Gallienne. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)
The Comic Dictionary. By Bernhard-Smith. (Arthur H. Stockwell. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Bribe. A Play in Three Acts by Seumas O'Kelly. (Maunsel and Co. 1s. net.)
Rope Enough. A Play in Three Acts by Conal O'Riordan. (Maunsel and Co. 2s. net.)
The Revolutionist. A Play in Five Acts by Terence J. MacSwiney. (Maunsel and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Corner-Stone of Education: An Essay on the Home Training of Children. By Edward Lyttelton, D.D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s. net.)
The Bonds of Society. By John Sutherland. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 10s. 6d. net.)
The Flash-Point. A Play in Three Acts by Mrs. Scott-Maxwell. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 1s. 6d. net.)
Over the Hills. A Comedy in One Act by John Palmer. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6d. net.)
Canadian Addresses. By the Hon. George E. Foster. (Herbert Jenkins. 5s. net.)
Arabic Proverbs. Collected by Mrs. A. P. Singer and Edited by Enno Littmann, Ph.D. (Finck and Bayleender, Cairo. 4s.)
Zang Tumb Tuuum, Adrianopoli, Ottobre, 1912. Parole in Libertà. By F. T. Martinetti. With Portrait. ("Poesia," Milan.)

FICTION.

- Cinderella's Sisters.* By Florence Scannell. Illustrated. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 6s.)
The Agitator in Disguise. By Mrs. Langfield Sawkins, L.L.A. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 6s.)
The Making of a Soul. By Kathlyn Rhodes. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)
James. By W. Dane Bank. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)
Matthew Hargraves. By S. G. Tallentyre. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)
Thrice Armed. By Harold Bindloss. With Frontispiece. (John Long. 7d. net.)
A Daughter of Debate. By Mrs. Ambrose Harding. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

VERSE.

- The Golden Heresy.* By Max Plowman. (48, Fitzroy Street, London, W. 2s. 6d. net.)
Dreams of Arcady. By Octavia Gregory. Illustrated. (Erskine Macdonald.)

- Flowers from the Fatherland.* Transplanted into English Soil. By A. M. Everest. (Erskine Macdonald. 3s. 6d. net.)
Scottish and American Poems. By James Kennedy. (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier. 4s.)
Selections from the Epigrams of M. Valerius Martialis. By W. J. Courthope. (John Murray. 3s. 6d. net.)
Through Eyes of Youth. By E. Cecil Roberts. With Portrait. (James Clarke and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Career briefly set forth of Mr. Percy Prendergast who told the Truth. By Margaret Sackville. Illustrated by Cecil Ingram. (Arthur H. Stockwell. 1s. net.)
Quatrains. By T. W. Cole. (Frank Palmer. 6d. net.)
The Two Blind Countries. By Rose Macaulay. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.)
Creation: Post-Impressionist Poems. By Horace Holley. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.)
Wind on the Wold. By Alexander G. Steven. (Max Goschen. 2s. 6d. net.)

EDUCATIONAL.

- A Grammar of Late Modern English. Part II. Section I, A.* By H. Poutsma. (P. Noordhoff, Groningen, and Dawson and Sons, London. 12s.)
A First Book of English Literature. By George Saintsbury. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)
Sertum: A Garland of Prose Narratives, Book II, Nineteenth Century. Selected and Edited by J. H. Fowler and H. W. M. Parr. Frontispiece. (Macmillan and Co. 1s.)

THEOLOGY.

- Some Principles of Spiritual Healing.* By H. Lane. (Lynwood and Co. 2s. net.)
Introduction à l'Histoire des Religions. Par René Dussaud. (Ernest Leroux, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)
The Diocese of Chelmsford and Its First Bishop. Illustrated. (Robert Scott. 6s. net.)
Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament. By the late Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. (H. R. Allenson. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Value of the Theology of St. Paul for Modern Thought. By the Rev. H. T. Andrews, D.D. (The S.P.C.K. 6d. net.)
The Meaning of the Doctrine of the Communion of Saints. By the Rev. John C. Vawdrey, M.A. (The S.P.C.K. 2s. net.)
Our Schools and the Bible. By the Hon. Henry Coke. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 1s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

- La Revue; Deutsche Rundschau; Land Union Journal; Bookseller; Publishers' Circular; La Revue Bleue; Wednesday Review; Revue Critique.*

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